AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

THIRD SERIES— VOL. V.—(XXV).— OCTOBER, 1901.—NO. 4.

LEONIS XIII IN MARIAM VIRGINEM FLOSCULI.

HIS HOLINESS has given a sweet title, reminding us of the *Little Flowers of St. Francis*, to the posy he offers to Our Lady. Of these nine blossoms, not one, as far as we are aware, has been transplanted into the ruder soil of English idiom.

The first of these poems, the *Paraphrases*, comprises five short poems, all in elegiacs. The second (and much longer) poem consists of twenty-seven elegiac couplets. While the nearest approach to a metrical equivalent in English is probably the rhymed iambic pentameters for which Alexander Pope has suffered so much obloquy in our day, two reasons have impelled the present translator to vary the metrical rendering. An obvious reason is the danger of monotony—a danger much more to be feared in English than in Latin verse. But another reason lies in the fact that elegiacs lend themselves readily to any theme and to any length of thought; while the Popeian couplets have been consecrated to the more ambitious essays of the poet. The short, unpretentious, and emotional *Paraphrases* would scarce know themselves if arrayed in the flowing lengths of the iambic pentameter—not to speak of the solemn and almost strutting dignity of that measure. In the *Adiutrici Christianorum*, on the other hand, the more solemn theme bespeaks a more solemn measure. We have no longer the lyric offering of flowers, but the epic march of great deeds. The lyre is to sound a deeper note; and the Holy Father reminds us of this:

> At nunc, Virgo potens, victrices, te auspice palmas,
> Maiori plectro concinuisse juvat.

PARAPHRASES.

I.

Hâc prece, magna Parens, flore hoc beneolente rosarum
Te populi unanimes in sua vota vocant.

At tu laeta libens vota audis, provida comples:
Divinasque manu divite fundis opes.

II.

Sistimus ante aras: placido nos respice vultu,
Accepta et nostri pignora amoris habe.

Gemmâ auroque alii cumulent altaria: florum
Haec tenui in calatho nos tibi serta damus.

Sun humiles violae, tibi sunt gratissima, Virgo,
Candida purpureis lilia mixta rosis.

III.

Dum roseas manibus tractamus rite corollas,
Quam dulce est nomen, Virgo, iterare tuum!

Praesens o faveas: tu dux fidissima vitae,
Tu certa extremo sis in agone salus.

IV.

Quam bene Gusmanus, tua sollers iussa facessens,
Texere nos docuit serta revincta rosis.

Gratum opus in terris sanctumque; at gratius olim,
Si superum sedes scandere contigerit,

Serta tibi laudum nova texere; gratius ore
Laetari aeternum, Virgo beata, tuo.

INTERPRETATIONS.

I.

With one accord, O Mother fair,
Thy children offer as a prayer
The scented bloom of roses rare.

The prayer is heard and answered; we
Receive from thy dear hand the free
Mercies thy Lord commits to thee!

II.

We kneel before thy shrines to prove
A Mother's care: from Heaven above
Accept the pledges of our love.

Nor gems we bring to thee, nor gold;
Our little baskets only hold
The wreathèd flowers of field and wold:

The lowly violet's penury,
The snowy lily's chastity,
The purple rose's agony!

III.

And while our loving hands would frame
A worthy chaplet, we proclaim
Again and yet again thy Name.

Be thou our favoring Patron here;
Be thou our Guide in deserts drear;
Be thou our Help when death is near!

IV.

How well thy client Gusman wrought
Thy will in every deed and thought—
The weaving of thy Rosary taught!

On earth, a grateful task and sweet!
But oh, more grateful, should our feet
But gain at last the heavenly seat!

Then sweeter far 't will be to raise
To thee a wreathèd song of praise,
O Virgin blest, through endless days.

V.

Sumite quae vobis tradit pia serta rosarum,
Assiduaque manu nectite ; Viago iubet.

Mandata exequimur ; sed qua mercede ? rogamus
Filioli, o Matri fidite munificae !

Fidite ; namque suis caelo Ipsa insignia servat
Praemia ; pro roseis aurea serta dabit.

ELEGIA

ADIUTRICI CHRISTIANORUM.

At nunc, Virgo potens, victrices te auspice palmas
Maiori plectro concinuisse iuvat.—
Per te namque almae victoria nuncia pacis
Plus semel ad veteres risit amica patres.
Gallia, tu testis : metuendas arte maligna
Vis inferna tibi struxerat insidias.
Tuque, olim virtute, fide splendescere visa,
Heu priscum misere iam decus exueras !
Immunda late errorum vitiique scatebas
Illuvie, gentes depopulante tuas.
Adfuit at Virgo : meritis, pietate verendum
Finibus hispanis advocat ipsa Virum ;
Cui roseas blando cum traderet ore coronas
Haec, ait, haec Gallis arma salutis erunt.
Hisce armis pugnae occurrit Gusmanius heros,
Hac arte enisus clara tropaea tulit.
Occubuere hostes ; rursumque effulsit avita
Pulcrior in Gallis candidiorque fides.—
Testor et Ioniis quas cernis *Echinadas* undis :
Vivida adhuc facti fama per ora volat.
Stant ex adverso instructae longo ordine puppes,
In saeva ardescunt praelia iam ruere.

V.

Take to your hearts the roses rare
Your Mother giveth to your care,
And joyous weave the chaplet fair.

Lo! we obey the high command:
What then shall be the guerdon grand?
O trust the issue to her hand!

Yes, trust in her who shall unfold
In Heaven her great reward—behold
For wreathing roses, crowns of gold!

ELEGIACS

TO THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

But now the lyre, O mighty Virgin, sings
Thy victories, with deeper-sounding strings.
How oft thy power proclaimed a glad surcease
Of War, with white-winged messengers of Peace!
Be thou the witness, France!—When hellish snares
Beset thy path of glory unawares;
When thou, for faith and virtue once renowned,
Didst cast thy ancient splendors to the ground;
When vice and error ruled thy fairest sod,
And slew with filthy breath the sons of God:
Ah! then the Virgin brake thy hideous chain,
Calling her champion from chivalric Spain,
With but the Rosary for sword and shield:
"To this alone," she cried, "the foe must yield!"
Such was his weapon—Gusman thus begins
Heroic battle, and the trophy wins;
Thus, David-like, his tens of thousands slew,
That France might once again her faith renew.—
A witness, next, from the Ionian seas—
The far-famed battle of the *Echinades*.
The warring vessels, ranged in battle-line,
Fling to the breezes, each a various sign:

Utraque fert acies signum ; haec caeleste MARIAE,
Lunae triste minax illa bicornis habet.
Ut raucae sonuere tubae, concurritur ; ingens
Continuo ad caeli tollitur astra fragor.
Aera tonant, reboat litus, micat ignibus aequor ;
Impavidi hac illac dant fera iussa duces.
Confracto latere et remis non una dehiscit
Navis, et immensi gurgitis ima petit.
Iactata horrisono merguntur corpora ponto,
Humano spumans unda cruore rubet.
Anceps stat fortuna : pari virtute peracta,
Hinc inde eventu pugna iterata pari.
Iamque iterum tentanda acies, cum percita fato
Nescio quo classis Turcica, sollicito
Pulsa repente metu, refugit producere pugnam,
Et quamvis multo milite praevalida,
Cedere visa loco, et sese, mirabile dictu !
Ultro Christiadum dedere in arbitrium.
Ingeminat tunc victor io, nomenque MARIAE
Conclamat resonis undique litoribus :
Conclamant populi portentum, Virginis almae
Patratum dia bellipotentis ope ;
Romulidae imprimis, queis mirum ex hoste triumphum
Fatidico edixit praescius or PIVS.
Inde quies et pax Europae adserta ruenti,
Inde stetit patriae Religionis honos.
Seraque posteritas (quid adhuc ignava moratur ?)
Eia eventu dignum aggrediatur opus.
Sublime attollat pario de marmore templum
Ad litus, memori gesta ubi pugna loco.[1]
Hic Virgo templum teneat Regina, tumenti
Hic praecincta rosis imperet ipsa mari.

[1] Christianorum pietas templum Virgini *a Rosario* condere et dedicare parat in litore patrensi.

Here is the banner of the Virgin fair,
And here the Crescent flaunts the fearful air:
The trump resounds—the breathless hush is riven,
And ceaseless clamor rends the vaults of heaven;
Flash the red lightnings, and the thunders roar
In thousand echoings from the affrighted shore.
Though sails are rent, and timbers gaping wide,
Sinks not a vessel in the expectant tide;
But mangled corpses find a watery grave,
And streaming life-blood reddens every wave.
Doubtful the issue stands: with equal art
Foe strives with foe—uncertain still they part:
And yet again the crash and roar—when lo!
(Who shall divine the cause?) the Turkish foe
Whose mightier power but spoke of victory,
Struck with a sudden terror turn and flee,
And to the Christians (wondrous to relate!)
Inglorious yield the strenuous combat's fate.
"All hail!" the victors cry, "to Mary's Name!"
And echoing shores prolong the grand acclaim.
While in the triumph Christian Europe sees
One of the mighty Virgin's Prodigies,
More blest the Roman eyes that could behold
A miracle, as Pius had foretold.
Thenceforward peace to troubled Europe came,
And Christian worship gained a noble fame.
Let coming ages (why do they delay?)
With just memorial celebrate the day;
In snowy marble raise a temple grand
To signalize the memorable strand,[1]
And the rose-crowned Virgin Queen enshrine
To rule the seas that saw her wondrous Sign!

[1] Christian piety commemorates the triumph by the erection, at Patras, of a church dedicated to Our Lady.

H. T. Henry.

Overbrook, Pa.

UNEXPECTED DEATH IN SPECIAL DISEASES.

An Essay on Pastoral Medicine.

BESIDES the general systemic conditions in which sudden death may occur without anticipation, there are certain specific diseases of which unexpected death is sometimes a feature. For the clergyman to know the condition in which the sudden fatal termination is liable to occur is to be forearmed against the possibility of death without the Sacraments, or their enforced administration in haste, when the recipient is in a very unsatisfactory condition of mind and body. It has been said that if a normally healthy individual reaches the age of twenty-five he is reasonably sure to live to a good old age, provided he does not meet with an accident or catch typhoid fever or pneumonia.

Pneumonia is an extremely important affection as regards its prognosis. From fifteen to twenty per cent. of sufferers from the disease die—that is to say, about one in six of those attacked by the disease will not recover. It is a little more fatal in women than in men. It is especially serious for the very young and the old.

Healthy adults in middle life very rarely die from the disease. The prognosis of any individual case, it has been well said, depends on what the patient takes with him into the pneumonia. Serious affections of important organs nearly always cause fatal complications. If the heart is affected before the pneumonia is acquired, then the prognosis is very unfavorable and a fatal termination is almost inevitable. If the kidneys are seriously diseased beforehand, death is almost the rule. Pneumonia developing during the course of pregnancy is fatal in more than one-half of the cases. At one time it was suggested that premature delivery of pregnant pneumonia patients might save at least the mother's life. Experience in Germany, however, has shown that, far from making the prognosis more favorable, the induction of premature labor makes the outlook a little worse for the patient. Previous affections of the lungs, emphysema, or tuberculosis, are prone to make the prognosis of pneumonia much more unfavorable than under ordinary circumstances.

Deteriorated conditions of the blood, anemia, chlorosis—such

as occurs so commonly in young women—is prone to make the outlook in pneumonia more serious. Pneumonia of the upper lobes of the lungs is more apt to be followed by complications, and is therefore more serious than pneumonia of the lower lobes. Secondary pneumonia—that is, inflammation of the lungs which develops as a complication of some other disease—is much more unfavorable than primary pneumonia which develops in the midst of health. The amount of lung involved is of course a serious factor in the prognosis. If the whole of one lung is consolidated, or if considerable portions of both lungs are thus affected, the prognosis becomes extremely unfavorable.

In persons of alcoholic habits, the result of a pneumonia is always to be dreaded. The more liberal has been the consumption of alcohol, as a rule the less hope is there of a prompt, uncomplicated recovery. Stimulants are of the greatest importance in pneumonia, and the less the patient has taken of them before the development of his pulmonary affection the more effective are they when the crisis of the disease comes. Our most prominent American physician once said that if he were given all the drugs in the pharmacopœia without alcohol, or alcohol alone, he would prefer to treat his pneumonia patients with alcohol alone than have to rely on all the other remedies without alcohol. The less alcohol has been taken habitually before the development of pneumonia, the more surely will it do the work expected of it during the course of the pneumonia. It must be borne in mind that cases of pneumonia that occur in institutions, asylums, and the like, have a distinctly worse prognosis than those treated in private houses.

In pneumonia, as in typhoid fever, so-called walking cases always have a serious prognosis. They occur in very strong patients who resist, not the invasion of the disease, but its weakening influence, and keep on their feet for several days, despite the presence of symptoms that require them to be in bed. When a patient walks into a doctor's office in the third or fourth day of a pneumonia with most of one lung consolidated, exhaustion of the heart and of the nervous system under these unfavorable conditions will usually have made his resistive vitality very low. Such cases should be given the Sacraments early, while in the full

possession of their senses. Conditions sometimes develop rather unexpectedly in which the administration of the Sacraments becomes unsatisfactory, because of the collapsed state of the patient.

This same advice holds with regard to walking cases of typhoid fever. Where strong patients suffering from the disease have insisted on being around on their feet for from six to ten days at the beginning of the affection, the prognosis becomes very unfavorable. Complications, such as hemorrhage or perforation of the intestine, occur about the beginning of the third week, and often prove fatal. All typhoid fever patients should receive at least the Sacraments necessary to give a sense of security to the priest and their friends during the course of the second week, even though they may seemingly be in excellent condition. When typhoid fever is fatal the complications occur suddenly, often without much warning; and if intestinal perforation, for instance, takes place, the peritonitis which develops makes the patient's condition very unsuitable for the reception of the Sacraments in a proper state of mind.

Typhoid fever patients sometimes die suddenly in collapse when they are convalescent. The toxine of the typhoid bacillus often affects the heart and causes what is called cloudy swelling of its muscular fibres. This decreases very notably their functional ability. Any sudden exertion, even sitting up in bed, may cause the heart to stop under such circumstances. The modern custom in hospitals is not to allow typhoid patients to sit up in convalescence until the head of the bed has been raised gradually for several days so as to accustom the heart to pumping blood up the hill to the brain. Priests must be careful, then, when they call to see convalescent typhoid patients, not to permit them to sit up to greet them. The doctor's directions in this matter should be followed very carefully.

This sudden fatal collapse may occur after any of the infectious diseases. It is seen not infrequently after diphtheria. It occurs more rarely after scarlet fever and even after some of the milder children's diseases. In rheumatism, especially where a heart complication has occurred, this rule with regard to sudden movements is extremely important. Rheumatism is itself not a fatal

disease, yet there are certain cases in which very high temperature sets in, causes delirium, and death ensues at times before the patient recovers consciousness. Where rheumatic patients show a tendency to run high temperatures, that is 104°, or higher, it is well to be prepared for this emergency.

Appendicitis is very much talked about in our day; but the fatal affection represented by the new word is no more frequent than it was half a century ago, or, for that matter, twenty-five centuries ago. People died of inflammation of the bowels and peritonitis then; and as the appendix was not known as the origin of the trouble, the fateful name was not the spectre that it is now. Practically all abdominal colic—and this means 90 per cent. of all the acute pain which follows gastro-intestinal disturbance in young or middle-aged adults—is due to appendicitis. It comes on in the midst of good health, as a rule. It is very treacherous, and when the patient is apparently but slightly ill, a sudden turn for the worse may assert itself, and an intensely painful and prostrating condition develop. Where symptoms of appendicitis are present, it is the part of safety to have the patient receive at least the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. When peritonitis develops, vomiting is the rule. Hence the advisability of prompt administration of Holy Communion. Extreme Unction can be given with some satisfaction, even during the disturbed period which follows a beginning peritonitis. For the peritonitis that sometimes results from appendicitis there is no hope of recovery except by operation. Operation, to be successful, must follow the perforation of the appendix not later than by a few hours.

Early pregnancy is sometimes complicated by a set of symptoms the most prominent of which are sudden very acute pains in the lower part of the abdomen, followed by intense prostration, and then by the symptoms af internal bleeding,—namely, a soft pulse, pallor with cold extremities, sighing respiration, and marked tendency to faintness. When symptoms like these occur during the first three months of pregnancy, they signify almost without exception rupture of an extra-uterine gestation-sac. Except where operation can be performed at once, these cases are almost invariably fatal. Extra-uterine pregnancy occurs especially in women who having had one or more children, then have a period of five or more

years without children, followed by pregnancy. Undoubtedly, extra-uterine pregnancy, the knowledge of which is the result of medical advance in very recent years, and appendicitis, which is the growth of the last twelve years, were prominent factors in the production of inexplicable deaths in history. These were not infrequently set down as due to poison.

Acute indigestion in elderly people is sometimes followed by su lden death. Observations in this matter have somehow become much more frequent of late years, and many of the so-called cases of heart failure belong to this group. The important nerve trunk that carries nervous fibres to the heart bears fibres to the digestive tract, the esophagus, the stomach, the intestines, the liver as well, and also to the larynx and lungs. There is a certain intercommunication between the impulses which pass along these various nerve fibres. Intense irritation of the nerve-endings in any one of these organs may be reflected back upon the heart. Curiously enough the nerve fibres to the heart that run in this trunk are many of them inhibitory, that is to say, they lessen the function of the heart or cause it to stop beating entirely. If an intense nervous irritation is set up in the stomach, reflex nervous impulses may cause the heart to stop completely and never resume its work.

Typical cases of this kind often occur during the first cold days of the winter time. Elderly people come to their meals cold and chilly, yet with appetite increased by the bracing air. They sit down at once, take a larger meal than usual, and then develop severe gastritis during the night. This is relieved by purging and vomiting, and the pain yields to the administration of morphine. Their condition improves and all danger seems past, when on sitting up suddenly the next day, or, if left alone, getting up to get something for themselves, they collapse and are dead before help can come to them. Deaths like this sometimes occur in dysentery also, the reason being the intense nervous reflex from the irritated intestinal nerve-endings which exerts its influence upon the heart-nerves.

Certain diseases practically always end in sudden death and must be taken special care of by the priest for this reason. Aneurism, for instance, is one of these. An aneurism is a widen-

ing or dilatation at some point of an artery. The most important aneurisms occur in the arch of the aorta, that is, in the large curved artery which comes directly from the heart itself and of which all the other arteries are branches. Aneurisms develop, according to the expression of a distinguished American physician, in the special votaries of three heathen divinities,—Vulcan, Bacchus, and Venus, that is, in those who have worked too hard, in those who have drunk too hard, and in those who have devoted themselves too much to the pleasures of the flesh. The termination of aneurism cases is usually by rupture with profuse hemorrhage. Death takes place in a moment or two. Aneurisms often cause intense pain, which is sometimes thought to be rheumatic in origin. If the aneurism in its enlargement meets with bony structure it produces absorption of the bone by pressure upon it and so finds a way even through the bone to the overlying skin. This process is always intensely painful, and shortly after the aneurism appears at the surface the pressure upon the skin causes it to become thin and the aneurism may rupture externally.

Addison's Disease always ends suddenly. This is a rare affection, described by Addison, an English physician, some forty years ago, which develops in individuals whose suprarenal capsules are degenerated. The suprarenal capsules are little bodies of half-moon shape which lie above the kidneys. Their degeneration produces a great lowering of blood pressure. The patient becomes intensely weak, muscular movement becomes impossible, intellectual processes cause great fatigue, and finally blood pressure becomes so low that fatal collapse ensues from lack of blood in the brain. The external symptoms of these cases is a pigmentation, that is, a very dark discoloration of the skin, which develops rather early in the disease. The tongue especially becomes a very dark brown. Areas of pigmentation also occur where the skin is irritated, at the wrists from the irritation of the coat sleeves, at the edge of the hair from the irritation of the hat. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in his *Autobiography of a Quack*, has described one of these cases very strikingly. The hero of the tale is found dead one morning by the nurse in the hospital after he has been feeling quite as well as usual for some time.

It must not be forgotten that patients who are burned exten-

sively very frequently die shortly after the accident. A burn that involves more than one-half the body, no matter how superficial the burn be, will always have a fatal termination. Deep burns in one part, unless it is some very vital part, are not so serious as extensive superficial burns. Patients with extensive burns frequently remain in encouragingly good condition for several days and then have a sudden change for the worse. Sometimes death takes place in coma. Sometimes it takes place as the result of a perforation of the duodenum. These perforations of duodenal ulcers may take place as long as a week to ten days after the burn. They are always followed by symptoms of peritonitis and the condition of intense prostration which this brings on. Such cases need to be prepared for the worst after the first acute symptoms of the burn have subsided, when a certain amount of peace of mind is restored.

Cirrhosis of the liver not infrequently causes sudden death. Cirrhosis is an affection in which a large part of the liver substance proper degenerates and its place is taken by connective tissue. It is typically a disease of people of alcoholic habit. It occurs in those who are engaged in the sale of spirits, though the alcoholic absorption does not take place through the skin, but in a much more direct way. It is most frequent in people who take strong spirits on an empty stomach. Those who are much exposed to changes of temperature are especially liable to form such habits. It is found most frequently in the drivers of wagons and cars, in policemen, and in sea captains, sailors, and the like. When cirrhosis causes sudden death it is nearly always by hemorrhage. The hemorrhage takes place from the esophagus, some of the large veins of which have become dilated until the thin walls are unable to retain the blood. The dilatation is due to interference with the venous circulation in the liver.

Of late years pathologists and medical men, especially those who are interested in children's diseases, have devoted considerable time to the study of certain cases of sudden death which have long been very mysterious. Infants often die while in apparent good health without any adequate reason that can be found even on most careful autopsy. Children of an older growth sometimes die suddenly as the result of some slight shock or fright, or they

die after the administration of a few whiffs of chloroform, given to help in the performance of some simple surgical operation, or they die at the beginning of some infectious fever which they ought to be able to withstand without any difficulty. A distinguished pathologist at Vienna, Professor Paltauf, who was the coroner's physician of the city and had a large number of these sudden deaths to investigate, found that in most of the cases one abnormal condition was constantly present. This consisted in an enlargement of the lymph glands all over the body. The lymph glands in the neck were involved, also the tonsils and lymphoid tissue at the back of the throat, the series of lymph glands in the groin, and finally there was a hypertrophy of the lymphoid tissue that occurs all along the intestinal tract. This condition of hypertrophy of lymphoid tissue has come to be known as the lymphatic diathesis or constitution. It is nearly always accompanied by a distinct hypertrophy of the thymus gland. The thymus is an organ which occurs in the upper part of the thorax of the child, but which atrophies and practically disappears after the age of two years. In these cases it is from twice to three times its normal size in the infant, and in older children it is persistent—that is, retains its primary size, though in the ordinary course of nature it should atrophy. This lymphatic diathesis undoubtedly has considerable to do with the sudden deaths which occur in these patients. What the exact connection is we do not as yet definitely know. Unfortunately, moreover, this lymphatic constitution gives no sure sign of its existence before the occurrence of the fatal termination. Enlargement of the glands of the neck and of the groin, with some enlargement of the tonsils, occur in delicate children without necessarily being symptoms of the lymphatic diathesis. The enlargement or persistence of the thymus can be better recognized and doctors now seldom fail to notice it. Where any suspicion of such a condition exists in children of from eight to sixteen or seventeen years of age, proper precautions must be taken to prevent sudden fatal termination of any even mild disease without due preparation. Undoubtedly many of the cases of sudden death under chloroform and ether in children and young persons are due to the existence of this lymphatic diathesis.

Diseases like tuberculosis and cancer, that run a long but

assuredly fatal course, usually terminate unexpectedly. The tuberculous patient particularly will almost surely be planning for next year the day before he dies. This condition of euphoria, that is, of sense of well being, was recognized as associated with tuberculosis as far back as we have any history of the disease. Hippocrates pointed out as one of the symptoms of consumption the *spes phthisica*, or consumptive hope. If the patient has been very much run down, death may take place from thrombosis of some of the arteries. If the thrombosis takes place in the brain, consciousness will be lost, and the patient will often die without recovering it. Patients often develop tubercles in their brain as the result of a spread of the disease beyond the lungs, and then, as a rule, death will take place in the midst of a paralysis, which may be accompanied by loss of consciousness that lasts for several days or a week or more.

Cancer patients also die suddenly or at least unexpectedly at the end. Very often in them, as in tuberculosis, thrombosis plays an important rôle in the fatal termination. In cancer of the stomach, peritonitis from perforation of the stomach may close the scene. The fatal termination in cancer of the uterus is often brought about by the development of uremic symptoms. The new growth in the pelvis involves the ureters, prevents the free egress of urine, and so causes the retention in the system of poisonous substances that should be excreted. Cancer in other parts of the body often causes death by metastatic cancers, that is, offshoots of the original cancer which occur in other organs. Usually these are in the liver, but sometimes they are in the brain, and sometimes in the bones that surround the spinal cord. In the course of their growth, they cause pressure-symptoms upon the nervous system, and this leads to death. If patients become very much weakened, as is not infrequently the case, thrombosis occurs, and portions of the clots may be shot into the pulmonary veins, and cause death in this way.

Two affections which are quite common, one of them usually involving no danger at all, sometimes cause sudden death. They are varicose veins and a discharging ear. Varicose veins are the enlarged veins which occur on the limbs of a great many elderly people. If these people become run down in health and then

exhaust themselves by overwork, the circulation through these enlarged veins is sometimes so impeded that clotting, thrombosis as it is called, occurs. If a portion of the clot becomes detached, and is carried off into the circulation, a so-called embolus, this may cause sudden death, either by its effect upon the heart, or more usually upon the lungs.

Middle-ear disease causes death, either by producing an abscess of the brain, or by causing thrombosis of some of the large veins within the skull. The dangers involved in a discharge from the ear are now well recognized. Insurance companies refuse to take risks on the lives of persons affected by chronic otitis media, as it is called scientifically. Such persons may run along in perfect good health for years without accident, but a sudden stoppage of the flow may be the signal for the formation of the brain abscess, with almost inevitable death.

Certain severe forms of the infectious fevers are very often fatal. These forms are popularly known as black fevers, that is, black measles, black scarlet fever, etc. These fulminant forms occur especially in camps, barracks, orphan asylums, jails, and the like, where the hygienic conditions of the patients have been very poor, and where the resistive vitality has, as a consequence, become greatly lowered. The black spots that occur on such patients are really due to small hemorrhages into the skin. The hemorrhages are caused by a lack of resistance in the bloodvessels and by a change in the constitution of the blood that allows it to escape easily from the vessels. Where such cases occur, patients should be fully prepared for the worst. As a rule, the mortality is from 40 to 70 per cent.

Acute pancreatitis is a uniformly fatal disease, though fortunately it is rare. It occurs much more frequently, however, than used to be thought. It occurs in persons over thirty who have been for some years addicted to the use of alcohol. The symptoms of the disease are severe pain in the upper left zone of the abdomen, that is, above and to the left of the umbilicus. This is accompanied by nausea and vomiting. Collapse ensues and death takes place on the second to the fourth day of the affection. This disease may have important medico-legal bearings. Some slight injury in the abdomen, as from a blow or a kick, may pre-

cipitate an attack in predisposed individuals. Accusation of murder may result. The mental attitude of the physician and the clergyman with regard to such cases must be very conservative. No opinion as to possible culpability should be ventured.

Cholelithiasis, that is, stone in the bile duct, may not only cause severe pain, but may lead to rupture of the duct and a rapidly fatal termination. Owing to the practice of wearing corsets, gall-stones occur much more commonly in women than in men. Twenty-five per cent. of all women over sixty years of age are found to have gall-stones. While these cases suffer from intense pain they are very seldom fatal. But it must not be forgotten that a fatal issue can take place either from collapse and stoppage of the heart because of the intensity of the pain, or from perforative peritonitis.

The perforation of a gastric ulcer may cause symptoms which rapidly place the patient in a condition in which the administration of the Sacraments is very unsatisfactory. Gastric ulcers occur especially in young women, usually in those who follow some indoor occupation. Its favorite victims are cooks, though laundresses, seamstresses, and even clerks in stores, suffer from it much more than those engaged in other occupations. It occurs by preference in anemic or chlorotic women. Sometimes, however, as in the case of cooks, the patients may seem to be in good health. Acute pain in the stomach region, followed by symptoms of collapse, should in such persons be a signal for the administration of all the Sacraments. Fatal peritonitis soon brings on a state of painful uneasiness ill adapted to the proper dispositions for the Sacraments.

Two diseases that are fortunately very rare, but which are almost uniformly fatal, deserve to be mentioned here. In both of them the symptoms of the disease are manifested through the nervous system. They are tetanus and hydrophobia. Tetanus occurs as a consequence especially of a wound which has been contaminated by the street dirt of a large city, or the refuse of a farm. It follows deep wounds such as are made by a hay rake or a pitch fork; or seared wounds, such as are made by a toy pistol. A serum for the treatment of the disease has been discovered, but unfortunately the first symptom of tetanus is not the first symptom of the

disease, but the preliminary symptom of the terminal stage of the disease, the affection of the nervous system. Practically all cases of acute tetanus terminate fatally. As soon as a patient exhibits the characteristic symptoms, the lockjaw, the stiff neck, and the rigid muscles, all the Sacraments should be administered. In tetanus, as a rule, consciousness is preserved until very late in the disease. In severe cases, however, a convulsive state of intense irritability develops in which the slightest sound or effort brings on a series of spasmodic seizures. Patients must be prepared then early in the disease, if possible.

Rabies or hydrophobia is a disease which claims a certain number of victims every year in our large cities. Its symptoms are the occurrence of fever and disquietude with spasmodic convulsions of the muscles of the throat whenever an attempt is made to swallow. These symptoms come on from three to fifteen days after the bite of a mad dog. Unless the Pasteur treatment has been taken shortly after the bite of the animal was inflicted, no treatment that present-day medicine possesses, is able to affect the course of the disease, and patients nearly always die. Their preparation then is a matter of necessity as soon as the first assured symptoms of the disease show themselves.[1]

Alcoholic subjects are very liable to unexpected death from a good many causes. Patients suffering from delirium tremens, for instance, may die suddenly in the midst of a paroxysm of excitement. Such a termination is not frequent, but it has occurred often enough to make it the custom at asylums for inebriates to warn friends who bring patients of the liability of such an accident. It is not so apt to happen during a first attack of delirium tremens as during subsequent attacks. It is most frequent among those whose addiction to alcohol for years has caused repeated paroxysms of delirium tremens. The cause of the sudden death is usually heart failure. This term means nothing in itself, but it expresses the fact that a degenerated heart finally refuses to act.

[1] One cannot help but add a word here as to the cause of the disease, because clergymen can by their advice do something to remedy the evil which lies at the root of the infliction. Hydrophobia is due to stray dogs. In practically every case the fatal bite is inflicted by some animal that no one in the neighborhood claims. Bites by pet dogs are rarely fatal. If clergymen would use their influence to suppress the dog nuisance we would soon have an end of hydrophobia.

Alcoholic poison in the circulation has led to fibroid degeneration of the muscular elements of the heart and made them incapable of proper function, or at least has greatly hampered their action, and the heart ceases to beat.

It must be borne in mind that chronic alcoholism makes a number of serious organic diseases run a latent course. The patient is apt to attribute his symptoms to the after effects of the abuse of alcohol. Unless the doctor who is called in makes a very careful examination, serious kidney disease or even advanced pneumonia may not be discovered. Alcoholic subjects bear pneumonia very badly, and the preliminary symptoms of the disease are often completely concealed by the symptoms due to the patient's alcoholism. Other infectious diseases, as typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and even various forms of meningitis, may run a very insidious course and give but very slight warning of their presence. The result is that these diseases are very frequently fatal in alcoholic subjects.

Old inebriates bear operations badly, and the mortality after any operation in such subjects is distinctly higher than in normal individuals. One reason for this is that considerable more ether or chloroform is required to produce narcosis in alcoholic subjects than in ordinary individuals. Ether and chloroform are very irritant to the kidneys. The kidneys are prone to be affected more or less in old alcoholic subjects. Death from edema of the lungs or from some form of pneumonia is not infrequent in these post-operative cases, and gives as a rule but little warning of its approach.

It is clear, then, that alcoholic subjects must be prepared with special care whenever disease is actually present or an operation is to be performed. Too great care can scarcely be exercised in their regard. What would seem overcaution will save many a heartburn to friends and priest, for it is in alcoholic subjects especially that some of the saddest cases of unexpected death without preparation occur.

JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D., M.D.

New York, N. Y.

MONSEIGNEUR F. J. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD—II. DEATH.

A Bishop of France at the Close of the Old Regime.

NINE happy years of a prosperous episcopate, and the Revolution came. On the second day of the assembling of the States General, May 6, 1789, the historic quarrel of the three Orders began. The Nobles, and with them the Clergy, were of opinion that each of the three Orders should deliberate separately; the Tiers État, or Commons, declared on the contrary that no such assemblies could be termed national. The result was an immediate deadlock which put the nation in anxious suspense during the next three weeks. For twenty-two days the Commons, meeting every morning, sent earnest but formal invitation to the other two bodies to come and join in the councils. All propositions relative to joint deliberation proved abortive, and finally, one morning notice was given that the privileged Orders would be welcome to participate in the public deliberations, but that in any case, whether they came or not, the *National Assembly* would proceed with its discussions. The famous scene in the tennis-court occurred; and then, after a few attendant difficulties, regular sessions proceeded with dignity and becoming order. A few of the clergy came to join the deliberations; then a few more, and then finally all. The Nobles followed sullenly, and no doubt with many a foreboding.

The decorum which marked the opening sessions gave way before long to turbulent speeches. After the Fall of the Bastile on July 14, 1789, an unquiet spirit pervaded the council-halls, and this spirit rose to greater height when the Parisian populace, crowding out to Versailles, emboldened the popular demagogues to press ruder measures. Then began the warfare against privileges; it went on relentlessly during the twenty-eight months that the Assembly lasted, and it resulted disastrously for the Church in the seizure of all ecclesiastical property. The motion to confiscate was introduced in the Assembly by Talleyrand, and, after due discussion, it was passed by that body on November 9, 1789. By an unconscious tragedy of dates, the decree nominating Talleyrand Bishop of Autun was signed on the same day of the preceding year.

One looks in vain among the historians of France for aught

but approval of the sequestration of the Church property. Taine, Mignet, Louis Blanc of course, Michelet, Thiers,—alike pretend to see no injustice in this gigantic steal. Michelet, always insulting whenever the Church is spoken of, says that it was the loss of the money-bags that made the clergy enemies of the Revolution. This calumny is also voiced by certain American writers. As a matter of fact, however, the clerical opposition to the new order of things did not arise from the confiscation but from the Civil Constitution, which was quite another affair entirely, and meant not the surrender of money, but the laying aside of principle and conscience. No doubt, the measure of confiscation had strong opponents among the clergy; no doubt, too, the clergy, as a rule, disapproved of it; they held it to be an unnecessary measure even from an economic point of view, and they condemned it moreover as subversive of justice, and directly menacing the interests of religion and public morality. I have no doubt but that if, in a period of public convulsion, the city of New York were to appropriate the millions belonging to Trinity Church on the plea that the public treasury needed replenishing, there would be a monumental outcry. If Yale were asked by the State to give up its every owning so that the State might alleviate popular distress; if Harvard's mighty possessions were, in a moment of aggressive socialism, to be seized and dissipated on pretended humanitarian motives,—would the confiscations be looked upon as just? Would they not rather be called by their true name, that is to say, robbery?

The contention is made that the Church of France had its tithes, its contributions of so many days' labor by the peasantry, and yet paid no tax itself, but merely a grant of supplies (*don gratuit*), the amount of which was determined by the clergy themselves at their five-year assemblies. We must not forget, however, that every *don gratuit* meant for the Church an assessment of several millions, and was therefore no slight matter. If the clergy opposed the schemes for regularly graded taxation that were proposed at various times, it was because those schemes made no adequate or reasonable allowance for the immense number of educational and charitable institutions which the Church controlled. "The internal history of France under Louis

XV and the first years of the reign of Louis XVI," says an eminent German writer,[1] "is full of episodes in which the clergy disarmed the opposition of parliament by repeated concessions and grants of money." In 1774 Turgot became Minister, and at once came forward with his proposal to abolish privileges and tax everyone. When, however, the Keeper of the Seals argued that, out of consideration for all the help the clergy had latterly supplied, the clergy might at least be excepted for the present, Turgot agreed, adding that, "after deducting the tithes and the surplice-fees, the Church property was not very considerable."

The plain truth of it is that the opponents of the Church were outrageously overbearing. In their mad eagerness to strip the Church of all her privileges, they overlooked entirely that she possessed any rights. The scoffing incredulity which voiced itself in the creed of the Savoy Vicar had grown impatient to despoil religion of its influence over human minds. The religious orders in particular were made a constant target; every weapon that could serve to assail them became fashionable; and no apologetic or defence would be tolerated in their behalf. "Hardly a day passed without some work being published concerning the abusive practices of one order, the uselessness of another," says Talleyrand in the famous Memoirs. "And I do not recollect," he adds, "that during the twenty years that preceded the French Revolution, a single clever pen was raised in defence of religious orders." Defenders were cried down with sweeping intolerance by the sceptical party; and this same intolerance, invading the financial debates, sufficed to defeat every equitable plan of taxation.

The clergy of that epoch were a splendid body of men;—it is only a mind of shallow research that will assert otherwise. Individuals there were who gave way to the frivolous influences of the times; but, as a rule, the clergy of France at that period cannot be reproached with any lack of insight or any want of interest in the public weal. "It is impossible," says F. Rocquain, "to separate the clergy from the tremendous liberal movement which invaded France in 1789." Matters, however, were too serious to be solved in a hurry. It were best, reasoned the clergy,

[1] Gräfin Leyden.

to take time and ensure a wise solution. "The mischief is great," says the concluding report of the last general assembly of the clergy that ever met; "but the remedies are even greater. It is your Majesty's glory, not to be King of France but to be King of the French." The confidence thus manifested in the integrity of the national character cannot fail to evoke edification, and accords beautifully with that devoted patriotism which, on the part of the clergy, did not limit its encouragement to empty words, but expressed itself in deeds of substantial bounty. Statistics show that in 1772 the Church furnished the King a grant of supplies (*don gratuit*) of 10,000,000. Three years later the coronation of Louis XVI took place, and the King had to set up house for himself and his brothers. He demanded another *don gratuit* of 16,000,000 to pay the expenses incurred. The protest of the province of Auch is on record asserting that since 1755 the Church had paid 113,000,000. Nevertheless, the King's good intentions were taken into consideration, and it was argued besides that if the Church supplied the grant, the poor would have a lighter tax to pay. The council proceeded to vote, and the money was given.

The generous mind of the Church was shown also later. When the confiscation became a measure that was imminent, the clergy said: we will agree to assume the Nation's debts ourselves; only leave us our churches to worship God in. Taine, a bitter enemy of Catholicism, admits that it was a great mistake for France not to have accepted this offer; for the Church had infinite credit and could get all the money that was needed, at 5 per cent.; whereas the State had trouble to raise it at 10 per cent., and even then was forced to let a vast amount of valuable property go at castaway discounts.

Immense as were the pecuniary sacrifices, the Church, rather than break with the temporal authority of the State, consented to accept those losses. It was only when the Assembly's attention usurped spiritual fields that the Church broke irreconcilably with the Revolution. The instrument of mischief was that Civil Constitution which purposed to render the Church of France a mere appendage of the State, its work to be circumscribed by statutory enactments, and its subordination to the Roman See abolished.

The Civil Constitution of the Clergy was mainly devised by those members of the Assembly who belonged to the legal profession. They seemed both by voice and numbers to predominate in the councils of the stormy epoch. In the three national bodies which successively shaped the destinies of France during the Revolution, it is a patent fact that the lawyers abounded beyond all reasonable proportion. In the Constituent Assembly, out of a total membership of 1118, the legal profession numbered 272 representatives. Most of these were men of depraved lives; and nearly all of them were pronounced Voltaireians. In order to subject the Church to indignity, they joined hands eagerly with Jansenists, like Church-hating Camus, and with the non-Catholic members of the Assembly, like Rabaud St. Etienne, who stood vowed from partisan motives to the destruction of the Church. The result of their combinations was the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. By this, the whole system of Church discipline was to be transformed. The one hundred and thirty-one dioceses of old France were abolished at a single stroke, and in their stead eighty-three new bishoprics, conforming in area to the eighty-three Departments of the nation, were established. Appointments to ecclesiastical office were henceforth to be brought about by popular balloting. Moreover, in order to possess the right of voting it was not necessary to be a Catholic or even to be a Christian: attendance at a Mass was the sole requirement. A moral union with Rome, the Civil Constitution said, might be retained; nothing official, however, was to be transacted under the terms of this understanding. The bishops were forbidden to apply to the Pope for canonical institution, or even to recognize his will in anything appertaining to Church government. These were the main features of that remarkable constitutioning which Talleyrand, although approving of it at the time, lived long enough to characterize as the one colossal mistake of the Constituent Assembly. The majority of prominent French writers lack Talleyrand's candor in this respect. Historians like Lamartine, Thiers, and Dayot, still have the effrontery to assert that the Civil Constitution asked of the Church no sacrifice whatever in a doctrinal way; just as if it were not apparent to everyone, from the example of England, Russia, and the Greeks, that a Catholic Church without allegiance to Rome is in reality no Catholic Church at all.

Not satisfied with setting up a special constitution for the clergy, the Assembly took a step of greater evil in demanding that every ecclesiastic should swear to observe that constitution's provisos, thus under oath renouncing his fealty to the Roman Pontiff. Out of the entire priesthood of France, scarcely one-sixth consented to subscribe to the oath. Barruel puts the number of those who refused at sixty-seven thousand. These, rather than betray their conscience by taking the oath of schism, faced bitterest penalties—death, exile, prison, deportation. The episcopate too held out firmly. Only four active bishops consented to subscribe to the oath—Savines, of Viviers; Jarente, of Orleans; Cardinal de Brienne, of Sens, and, of course, Talleyrand, of Autun. To this list are to be added three titular bishops—Gobel, of Lyddia, *in partibus infidelium*, who later on, becoming schismatic archbishop of Paris, perished miserably on the scaffold, repentant and whimpering; Miroudot, of Babylon; and de Brienne, of Trajanopolis, a nephew of the unfaithful prelate of Sens, just referred to above.

The Constituent Assembly adjourned on September 30, 1791. It was replaced on the following day by a new national body, historically known as the Legislative Assembly. Under the deliberations of this new parliament the work of revolutionizing France continued with unabated vigor. Measures directed against the non-swearing priests became particularly stringent. The bishops drew up a united protest; but as the bishops had been legislated out of their sees, they could secure no recognition before the law; and their protest, in fact, only served to aggravate the religious persecution. A public decree was fulminated, declaring all non-juring priests to be suspects, and ordering them to quit at once the soil of France. Many succeeded in getting to the frontier; but there were thousands besides, who, on attempting to depart, were put under immediate arrest and confined as traitors. The mobs grew bolder in the violence of their perpetrations. Finally, on August 10, 1792, occurred the sacking of the Tuileries, when the members of the royal family, fleeing for protection to the halls of the Assembly, only found themselves confronted with prison and the guillotine. After August 10, violence recognized no limits. The soutane was no longer safely worn, and every

day saw the prisons filling rapidly with priests who accepted arrest rather than take the oath. Among the latter were the two La Rochefoucauld bishops. They sought refuge at first with their sister, who was the abbess of a religious house at Soissons. When they discovered, however, that their presence meant additional peril for her, they left the shelter of that retirement, and, being recognized, were placed under arrest and hurried along to Paris.

The divinity seminary of St. Sulpice, at that time situated on the square just in front of the present location, was the nucleus of a prison neighborhood. Just behind what is now the seminary garden, separated from it by the rue Vaugirard, was the Luxembourg palace, at that time turned into a house of detention. A few yards down, on the same street, stood the church of the Carmes Dechausés, another prison. Two blocks away, in the direction of the Seine, at what is to-day the intersection of the rue Bonaparte and the Boulevard St. Germain, stood the Abbaye, another terrible revolutionary jail. The seminary itself was a meeting-hall and rendezvous[2] for the fiery populace of the Section of the Luxembourg. The great parish church close by was occupied by the General Committee of the Section, under the presidency of a justice of the peace, one Ceyrat,[3] who had been once a cleric, and later on became a determined terrorist.

On August 13, the two La Rochefoucaulds were arraigned as enemies of the State in the very *salle des exercices* where in their youth they had often sat as seminarians.[4] Along with them was the venerable Mgr. du Lau, Archbishop of Arles. The interrogatory was very brief, and all three were committed to indefinite imprisonment at the church of the Carmes. There they found an anxious multitude of priests,[5] prisoners like themselves. From day to day alarming rumors reached them from outside. It was known that the fury of the mob was becoming more and more untamed, and it was noised about that some terrible event was being prepared.[6] One morning the faithful valet of Pierre Louis, Bishop

[2] Mgr. Meric, *Hist. de M. Emery.*

[3] L. Audiat.

[4] Abbé Pecout, *Jean Marie du Lau.*

[5] Count Segur, *Episodes.*

[6] L. Audiat, *Dernier Evêque de Saintes.*

of Saintes, fearing what every one dreaded, brought a costume to the Bishop in prison, so that the latter might disguise himself and escape.[7]

"Have you not another for my brother?" asked the Bishop.

"The package would have been too large," answered the servant, "and the guards might have searched me."

"Thanks, good friend," said Pierre Louis, "but I will stay and share whatever fate befalls my brother."

Danton, in the Comité de Salut Public, was invoking the ardents to smite a blow which would both intimidate the royalists concealed at home and terrify the nation's enemies beyond the frontier.[8] With Jacobins and Cordeliers echoing his startling words in all the sections of Paris, the populace grew infuriated. Mobs gathered in front of the prisons, taunted the unfortunates detained within, and clamored loud for the punishment of "traitors." "Purge the prisons!" became the atrocious demand. The Section of the Luxembourg, at its regular meeting one night in the church of St. Sulpice, feigning to hold court, passed an ominous verdict of "Guilty" on all the priests detained at the Carmes. Hope was expressed that "the sword of the nation's vengeance would strike down the enemies of the law and put an end to treason."

At length the dreadful day of September 2d came. It was Sunday. The prisoners of the Carmes were told to be on the lookout for something serious. Hour by hour circulated rumors of strong vengeance about to burst. Towards noon came word that the people had organized a tribunal at the Abbaye,[9] and were determined to see justice carried out. Around the gates of the Carmes too, grim faces began to accumulate; fierce threats were shouted in, and everything looked ominous. The poor incarcerated priests,[10] in number aggregating 126 and representing various dignities in the priesthood, ate their noonday lunch in the church. At four in the afternoon they were sent to walk in the

[7] Abbé Guillon, *Martyres de la Foi.*

[8] See *Procès-Verbal* for the session of August 29, 1792, Commune de Paris, in Barrière's *Bibliotheque de Memoires.*

[9] Edgar Quinet, *La Revolution.*

[10] Barruel, *Hist. de l'Église pendant la Revolution.*

garden at the rear.[11] Several wandered out to the garden-chapel to recite together the Vesper psalms of their daily Office. Suddenly arose the sounds of the *Marseillaise*, and with it a confusion of hideous shouts were heard echoing from the direction of the Abbaye, some few blocks distant. A cannon-boom resounded, and then at once the tocsin began to ring out from the city towers. This had all the effect of a signal. Soldiers burst into the garden. Monsieur Guérin, a Sulpician Father, was the first priest whom they met. He stood in an alley, reading his breviary. One ruffianly soldier raised a sword, and with tremendous force brought it slashing across the face of the victim; another dug a pike into the priest's bosom. Abbé Salins, who had been kneeling in prayer at the time, was an eyewitness of this swift act of crime. He came at once forward: "My poor friends, what have you done?" he exclaimed, and, a few minutes later, himself lay dead and covered with blood. The assassins called for the Archbishop of Arles to show himself. Mgr. du Lau stepped at once bravely forward. The sight of the noble old man only heightened the fiendish glee of the crowding wretches. One dealt him a sabre-cut over the forehead,[12] a second with a sabre split the head actually open. The poor aged prelate raised his hand towards his forehead; the hand was cut down at the instant, and a fourth blow sent the venerable figure tottering to the ground. A soldier, carrying a pike, stamped with his boot-heel on the breast of the fallen prelate, and then with brutal force drove the pike into the Archbishop's body. It was driven in with such force that the iron point broke off, and was left sticking there in the dead man's bosom—a most horrifying sight.

Terror seized the others. Out of them all only one, the Abbé Vialar, escaped. He related afterwards that he called to Pierre Louis de La Rochefoucauld: "Come, Monseigneur, there is no pursuit in this direction." The Bishop shook his head: "Not without my brother," he answered, and so turned back toward the garden-chapel where the doomed priests had found a momentary asylum. They flung themselves in quick prayer around the

[11] For details, see Mortimer-Ternaux, *Hist. de la Terreur*; Barruel, *Memoires sur les Journées de Sept. 1792*; Barrière; Abbé Guillon, *Martyres de la Foi*.

[12] L. Audiat, *Dernier Evêque de Saintes*.

little altar. Outside in the alleyway the assassins were singing the Carmagnole around the corpse of Mgr. du Lau, of Arles. "Our hour has come," said the abbé Desprez, Vicar-General of Paris, "and we can die nowhere fitter than at the altar of Christ." Mutually they gave one another absolution.

Through the open door the soldiers took aim at the huddled priests. More than a dozen were shot down. François Joseph de La Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Beauvais, was shot twice in the leg and fell swooning. He was thought to be dead, but recovered his senses after a while, only to awake to new tortures. In the *Hist. de la Revolution du 10 Aôut*, we find it stated that the one of the La Rochefoucaulds who had been the Bishop of Saintes, was among the number shot in the garden-chapel; but Barruel, Mortimer-Ternaux, Abbé Guillon, Mathon de la Varenne, and our faithful Audiat, all concur in naming his brother, the Bishop of Beauvais, as the one who was wounded during the fusillade.

In the midst of the gun-shots, Manuel, a prominent officer of the Commune or city government, rushed in among the murderous furies. "Hold on!" he cried. "You are doing this thing the wrong way! Let everybody go at once into the church. We must have order about this business." The tri-colored sash which he wore commanded immediate obedience; and the *sans-culottes* fell back, permitting the priests to come up through the garden and courtyard, and pass on into the church. Some of the neighboring residents, horrified at what was taking place, hurried around the corner to the Seminary of St. Sulpice where the authorities of the Section were holding a session. It was of no use. Ceyrat, the chairman, gave reply: "We are busy just now with other matters; still we are sorry for the *accidents* which seem to be taking place over at the Carmes."

The mockery of a court was forthwith set up in the temple of the Carmelites. The unfortunate priests knelt in despair in the sanctuary. Pierre Louis de La Rochefoucauld only rose when his poor brother, wounded and bleeding, was tossed in roughly upon the pavement. Pierre Louis went to the side of the prostrate sufferer and did his best to give comfort. At the sanctuary the victims recited the psalms together and mournfully said the

prayers for the dying: "Depart, Christian soul," etc.[13] Over one hundred priests yet remained. One after another their turn came to be summoned. Most of them displayed a courage and serenity of soul which evoked admiration even from the butchers. A few short questions were asked; and then the victim was sent down a narrow corridor into the open air. The passage is still pointed out to the tourist. As the unfortunate stepped forth[12] he was required to pass along through the line of his executioners. Fifteen men, with shirt-sleeves rolled up and sabre in hand, stood on each side. By special understanding the first strokes were to be light ones, so that before the victim was despatched, all alike might have a share in his despatching. At the end it was not mere murder but atrocious mutilation.

The Bishop of Saintes was among the last. He kissed his brother's forehead and stepped forth. A moment later the sentence of death was pronounced. It only stirred him to utter the prayer which a pitying bystander was careful to jot down and preserve: "My God, submissive to your decree, I confide my soul into your hands, and I recommend to your divine clemency these unfortunate people who would not stain their souls with homicide, had not frightful artifices lured them away from the fear of your judgment and the consideration of your love." These were his last words. He died a martyr of the Catholic faith, at forty-seven years of age.

The Bishop of Beauvais, though sick and wounded, was requested to take the schismatic oath. "No," he answered, "I will die with the rest. Have the kindness to carry me; I am unable to walk." Brutal hands flung him violently upon the ghastly corpse of his brother, and there he was cut to pieces; a man who as prelate of Beauvais gave away his entire personal revenue in charity.

The ears of both of the La Rochefoucaulds were cut off and paraded through the streets. Mgr. Salamon, who was Papal Internuncio at the time, was an eyewitness of the scenes which took place around the dead bodies of the massacred priests. In his *Memoirs*, he declares: "I saw one creature who must have

[13] Barruel, *Hist. de l'Église pendant la Revolution.*

[12] Abbé Sicard, in his *Relation.* Collection Berville, 1824.

been whelped in hell sitting astride a stripped corpse and exclaiming: 'This fellow was a fat dog of a *calotin*.'"[14]

Worse than this is written by Mathon de la Varenne:

"Le 3 Septembre," he says, "on voyait déja Paris traversé en tout sens des charrettes chargées de cadavres. Angélique Voyer et d'autres bacchantes, montées sur ces voitures comme des blanchisseuses sur du linge sale, dansaient sur les corps mutilés, en disant: 'Vive la Nation!' battaient la mésure sur les parties dont la nudité était la plus apparente, et portaient attachés à leur sein des lambeaux que la pudeur ne permet pas de nommer."

The old Church of the Carmelites still stands on the rue Vaugirard. "St. Joseph aux Carmes," appears in upraised gilt above the doorway, and along the front, in huge black lettering, are the words: *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. For years after the September massacres it was an edifice of changing fortunes, being in succession a gaol, a popular society lodge, a ball-room, a store-house, and finally again a temple sacred to divine worship. Back in the deep yard are the dingy halls and cloisters. In these halls, ten years ago, the writer followed the theology lectures of the Institut Catholique; and I believe the classes are still continued there. It was the heart's desire of Mgr. Affre who fell at the barricades in 1848 to turn the accommodations of the Carmes into a school of higher ecclesiastical studies and place a body of auxiliary priests in the church. A year after Mgr. Affre's death his wish was carried out by his successor in the see of Paris, Mgr. Sibour, who invited the Dominicans, at that time just reëstablished in France and meeting with extraordinary success. With Lacordaire himself at their head they took possession of the house on October 15, 1849. The great preacher delivered there a course of pastoral instructions which in his own opinion were more productive of good than the famous Conferences of Notre Dame. A memorial of Lacordaire's sojourn at the Carmes is still retained in the shape of a large cross upon which it was his custom to hang suspended for three hours on Good Friday.

The garden-chapel has been demolished; but the blood-stained portions of the wall were carefully saved, and may to-day be

[14] *Calotin*, derisive name for a priest, so-called from *calotte*, a skull-cap much worn by ecclesiastics on the Continent.

seen. The stains are distinctly visible. The garden itself is smaller in extent than formerly; the Montparnasse end has been cut away to make room for the fine rue de Rennes. At the rear of the buildings a crypt of great beauty has been built; thereto the bones of the massacred priests have been brought and are set into the walls in all manner of symbolical figures. There also in the crypt lies buried Frederic Ozanam, that great layman whose labors in behalf of the charitable society of St. Vincent de Paul bore such wondrous fruits. Every week I used to see a wreath of fresh cut flowers over the slab which marks his resting place; and I was told that his widow, the same dear Amélie, so familiar to us from his letters, came regularly to pray at his tomb.

On the St. Sulpice side, the garden of the Carmes remains unchanged since the days of the Revolution. High walls, covered with vines and damp with moss, still border the area. Halfway down the walk of the central alley is a slender stone pillar about five feet in height; upon it is cut the story, momentous but brief:

Ici
A Été Tué
L. GUERIN
Prêtre
Ière Victime
Du Massacre
Des Carmes
Le Dimanche
2 Septembre
1792.

JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

Oxford, Mass.

LUKE DELMEGE:—PART II. ILLUMINATION.[1]

XXXVIII.—LOGWOOD DAY.

SISTER Mary of Magdala—let us give her the full title, for she will not bear it much longer—had now spent ten years of penitence, subjection, mortification; but, oh! ten years of such supreme happiness within the sanctuary of the Good Shepherd;

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and, as the undetermined period of the fulfilment of her mighty vow was approaching its end, her cross became more heavy, her anxiety more acute. True, she was surrounded, encompassed, followed by reverence and love, such as even a great saint might envy, could he feel such an unworthy emotion. Her sister penitents adored her, though she never understood the reason; the nuns loved her; Father Tracey was infinitely kind; Sister Eulalie treated her as one of the community; and Laura, her little patient, followed her with eyes of speechless devotion and affection. But that dream! that dream!

It had now become a waking dream, and was especially insistent in the Convent Chapel. For when Sister Mary sat down there in the little sanctuary to the left, where her sister penitents were gathered together at Mass or Benediction, she would feel herself carried out in spirit into the choir-stalls, where the sixty white-robed Sisters were singing Vespers or mutely hearing Mass. And, sometimes, when the mighty organ rumbled, and the great seraphic voices arose in some glorious *Tantum ergo* or *O Salutaris!* she distinctly heard her own voice carried out and above all the others as it struck the gilded ceiling and the decorated walls, and then fell down in a whispered echo, and hovered around the monstrance, where the Divine Lover of her and of all was hidden. Then with a violent start she would wake up and look around, and behold with a little shudder her own dread abjection. And then again she would rebuke herself sternly amidst her tears for her involuntary treason to her mighty vow. Had not the Eternal kept His contract, and why should she repudiate hers? Had not the All-Merciful snatched her brother from the pains of hell and the deep pit, and why should she repine for a few years of such sweet penance? If God had sent Louis—poor dear Louis—to hell—oh! the thought was too dreadful; and she would go out on the wings of resignation and clasp, like her great patroness, the nail-pierced feet, and cry, "*Elegi! elegi!* I have chosen to be a despised one in the house of my God rather than dwell in the tents of sinners!" And then there would be peace. But the waking dream of the white, spotless robes and the veil of honored espousals and the organ and the choir, and herself amidst it all, would recur again and again; and the very

respect and love, of which she now found herself an object, only intensified the vision.

One such day Sister Mary was in the Infirmary, tending on Laura Desmond, now a hopeless and helpless invalid. She had done some trifling little service to her patient, and the latter drew her down with her arm and whispered:

"Won't you ever tell me who you are?"

"What difference, dear, does it make, so long as we love one another?"

"No; but I should love you more, only that sometimes I am afraid of you."

"Why should you be afraid, dear? I am but one like yourself, only perhaps more sinful before God."

"You are not," said the patient quietly.

Then taking up her prayer book, she opened it, Sister Mary helping, and took out a little picture.

"Do you know what it is?" said Laura.

"Yes, dear—a Sister of the Good Shepherd."

"I shall not die easy till I see you in that dress," said Laura; "that is, if you do not put on something even better."

Sister Mary shook her head, and, after a little while, when Laura slept, she went over to the farthest southern window and took up her book to read. The Holy Mountain now seemed very near. She did not know that she had to pass through the deepest and darkest valley of humiliation before she reached the shining summit.

On this same day Luke Delmege was in the city, in obedience to a peremptory summons from the Bishop. Before he left Dublin for home, he satisfied a long-felt desire to see his Alma Mater once more. He went down to Maynooth by an early train, hoping to be able to pass through some of its best-remembered spots, the Chapel, his own old room, the circular walk, etc., unnoticed. When he entered the great gate, beneath the old Geraldine Keep, it struck him for the first time that sphinxes were placed to guard the portals of the greatest Catholic college in the world.

"Strange that I never noticed such an anomalous, or, perhaps, significant circumstance, during all my college years!" he said.

All around was still as death. For, if academic peace is to be found on earth, it is within the hallowed precincts of Maynooth.

"They have all gone to breakfast," he cried, looking at his watch. "I shall have the Senior Chapel all to myself. I shall see the place where I lay prostrate the morning of my ordination. I shall recall my vows, my emotions, my resolutions. I have seen so much lately to cast me into the past again, and to compel me to retrace my steps, that is, my ideas and principles, back to the fresh inspirations of the most hallowed and peaceful days of my life."

He entered the narrow porch at the northern side, touched his forehead with holy water, and again, for the third time these last few days, felt a breath of hot air fanning him, and found himself in the presence of a mighty multitude. He had forgotten that it was Whitsuntide. The church was full; the very drama of his own ordination, that most sublime of the Church's ceremonies, was being reënacted before his eyes. Quietly and unobserved he stole up the short aisle, the students courteously yielding place, and saw the broad floor of the choir between the stalls carpeted with prostrate human forms, over which the white and red and gold of the chasubles gleamed. There was an awful stillness as the Pontiff stretched his hands over the prostrate Levites. Then there burst on the stupefied senses of Luke that glorious hymn, the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, that mighty *epithalamium* of the priesthood, which, in some peculiar sense, too, seems to be the royal anthem of this College; for, heard for the first time by the young, raw student, as it is rendered by six hundred voices on the opening of Retreat, it haunts him all through his college course; and heard, for the last time, at his ordination, it accompanies him, the rhythm of supreme, melodious sanctity, during all his priestly life. And Luke, enchanted, intoxicated by all the sweet associations of the past and all the tender environments of the present, could only watch and study the air of rapt recollection and happiness that suffused the faces of the young priests with the oil of gladness, and compelled him to pray, deep down in his heart, not for himself, but for them, that the Holy Spirit might keep fresh forever in their hearts all the sacred inspirations of that day, and never allow them to be uprooted by the false maxims of the world,

or withered and faded under the deadly breath of custom or compromise.

He slipped out quietly from amongst the students, the young cadets of the great army of Christ; took a rapid run around the ball-courts and the great circular walk that stretches far up amongst the mighty elms and runs around by the Grand Canal; lingered for a moment by the little cemetery, where slept many of his old professors, and, entering the corridor once more, found himself at once on the scene of his old triumphs—the Fourth Year's Divinity Hall. Ah, yes! there was the very desk at which he sat; there the pulpit, beneath which he pulled his soutane over his knees so often and annihilated his antagonist with a *Sic argumentaris, doctissime Domine!* He sat down, and burying his face in his hands, he tried to recall old faces and associations. Alas! the old faces had faded away in the far mists of memory; but the old associations came up, looming dark and threatening from the past, to upbraid him with his treason.

"My reason tells me," he cried, "that my life has been flawless and immaculate. My conscience, some higher power, declares my life to have been a failure. Where, and in what measure?"

And the ghosts of the past said:

"In this, that you have mistaken, as you have been already told, the blue and green fireworks of the world for the calm, eternal stars. You have groped for light, and beheld darkness; brightness, and you have walked in the dark. You have groped for the wall, and like the blind you have groped, as if you had no eyes; you have stumbled at noonday as in darkness; you have been in dark places, like dead men."

And Luke answered and said:

"Yes; but wherefore, and how?"

And the answer came:

"In that you measured your college and your country, aye, even your Church, by the measure of a false civilization. You judged your motherland, as all your fellow-countrymen do who go abroad, by the false standard of modern progress; you found her wanting and despised her. Now, what has the world profited you? She hath given you little for your apostasy. And for your own people you have been a crackling of thorns under a pot."

Luke was glad to hear the noise and laughter of the students in the corridor. Anything to escape that reverie, that synod of accusing ghosts. He opened the door and rushed out. Groups of students in threes and fours were wheeling along, file after file, each group clustered around a newly-ordained comrade, who trod on air and spurned the sandy flags. Group after group stared at Luke and passed by. Then, a young Levite detached himself from his batch, and coming over deferentially, he asked:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but are you Luke Delmege?"

"Yes," said Luke.

"Luke Delmege, that was 'First of First?'"

"Yes," said Luke, blushing at the old honor and at its remembrance.

"The diocese was speaking of you only yesterday and recalling all your triumphs, and one of us from Limerick thought he recognized you. Won't you come see them?"

"By all means," said Luke. And he did. And they made him the centre of an admiring circle, and told him, half shyly, half familiarly, how well he was remembered in his own college; and round and round they swept, linked arm-in-arm, until a professor, rushing down the library stairs near the refectory, caught sight of Luke's face, hesitated, advanced. The students doffed their caps and retired; and the professor, linking his arm in Luke's, drew him on to the professors' corridor, murmuring all the way:

"Luke Delmege, Luke Delmege, whom we gave up as lost! Why? why? how many years since you left us?"

"Seventeen," said Luke, very happy.

"Seventeen?" murmured the professor, unlinking his arm and looking at Luke. "Seventeen years away from us, and never condescended to visit us? You deserve to be turned out, neck and crop, from your Alma Mater!"

He was brought into the refectory, where he met some old comrades and some of his old professors. He was surprised at the familiarity with which these latter were treated; surprised that they accosted him familiarly; surprised that they ate and drank like mortals. They were the *Dii Majores* of his youthful worship—the gods that moved in a different and loftier sphere.

It is the awful reverence of youth for their superiors—an instinct, that no good man ever wholly lays aside.

Luke was overwhelmed with kindness. He said he was returning home to-morrow, Tuesday.

"Nonsense! No vacation ever terminated on Wednesday. He was expected home on Saturday at midnight; and there in Maynooth he should remain until the last train started!"

And he did remain; and drew up the entire past with all its happy reminiscences, met old classmates and talked of old times; challenged disputations here, where at last he felt he was on congenial soil and would not be misunderstood; recalled old debates and theses, and formulated any number of new plans for the social and intellectual regeneration of Ireland.

It was a happy man that passed out on Saturday morning between the sphinxes on the gates.

"They did well who placed ye there," he said. "Life is a mighty riddle. And I have been a fool in trying to solve it—a fool in more ways than one; but most of all in my silly imitation of that old dyspeptic cynic who ridiculed the controversy about ὁμοιούσιος and ὁμοούσιος all his life, and admitted in his old age that on that one letter depended the whole fabric of Christianity."

But Luke was happy and strong. He needed it. Greater revelations of the possibilities of sanctity in the Church, and greater personal trials were yet before him.

He found a cold, stern letter from the Bishop awaiting him when he returned home—a summons, officially worded, to repair at once to the city and present himself at the episcopal palace. Wondering what new accusation was laid against him, and searching his conscience in vain for a delinquency, he presented himself before his Bishop. The Bishop was cold and stern as his letter.

"Sit down," he said. Luke sat, wondering.

"Now, Father Delmege," said the Bishop, "I have tolerated a good deal from you, but my patience is nearly exhausted. I passed by that imprudence on your first mission, because you acted consistently with the statutes, although you might have acted more prudently; I also contented myself with a gentle reprimand when you, I dare say innocently, introduced a system

of proselytism into your parish. I have also not noticed your singular habit of introducing into your sermons rather painful contrasts between the customs of our Irish Church and those which obtain, under happier circumstances, in other more favored countries. Even your very perilous observations at your lecture in the city some months ago I left unnoticed, because I knew you could do no harm there. But now I hold in my hand a melancholy report of a sermon delivered by you, immediately after the last mission in your parish, and in which, if I am rightly informed, you denied the sacramental system and denounced the use of the ordinary means sanctioned by the Church for the sanctification of the faithful, and insisted on the individual power of self-sanctification, apart from the ordinary channels of divine grace—"

"Might I ask the name of my accuser?" said Luke faintly.

"I cannot give it, unless the matter proceeds to an official investigation and trial. Your parish priest writes to say that he is quite sure you have a satisfactory defence; but then, Dr. Keatinge is always inclined to take an easy and optimistic view of things."

"My only defence, my Lord," said Luke, "is to deny the allegation *in toto*. I see clearly what originated the report. A poor fellow, intoxicated, came to the closing ceremony of the mission. I took him from the church and bade him go home, for that he could derive no benefit from the renewal of vows in his then state. I made the incident the text of my discourse the following Sunday. I warned the people not to confound the means of sanctification with the end—not to repose in external observances, but to look within; and to use the Sacraments and sacramentals with a view to their own sanctification, and not as finalities that would operate miracles without coöperation on their part—"

"That puts a rather different complexion on the matter," said the Bishop, softening. "I should be surprised that one who obtained such distinctions in his college course should fall into such a lamentable blunder. Have you any further observations to make?"

"None, my Lord," said Luke, in despair. "My college distinctions have availed me but little. I am a weary and perplexed man."

He bent down his head on his hands in an attitude of hope-

lessness. The little gesture touched the Bishop. He gazed down for a long time at the stooped figure and the head where the snows of life's winter were now fast gathering. Then he gently touched Luke.

"You'll spend the day here, and dine with me at five o'clock. No! no!" he continued, as Luke strove to excuse himself, "I shall take no excuse. I want to see you more closely."

"I have been nearly a month from home, my Lord," said Luke, anxious to get away, "and—"

"Now, now, I make it a matter of obedience," said the Bishop. "You won't find me so crusty and disagreeable as you think. You'll have a few hours in the city; but be here punctually at five. By the way, I want you to take a letter from me to Father Tracey. Do you know him?"

"I regret to say I do not," said Luke. "Years ago, when I was wiser than I am now, I had determined to make his acquaintance, but unfortunately I missed the opportunity. I shall be very glad to get the chance now."

"You shall have it," said the Bishop. "I wish I could break through his humility, and hold him up as a model to the diocese. But his example is telling in a quiet way."

Luke took the letter, and made his way to the hospital where Father Tracey served. He found he did not reside there, but in a side street. He passed down through a shabby lane, eagerly scanning the houses to detect some indication of a decent residence. He narrowly escaped a deluge of purple, dirty water, which an old woman was flinging from a doorway, right across the footpath, into a dirty channel close by.

"I beg your reverence's pardon a thousand times," she said. "I hope a drop didn't tetch your reverence."

She examined with some anxiety Luke's fine broadcloth.

"Not a drop, my poor woman," he said. "But it was a close shave. Can you tell me where Father Tracey lives?"

"Here, yer reverence," she said, piloting Luke into the kitchen. "But I'm afraid he'll hardly see you to-day. This is Logwood Day."

"What is Logwood Day?" asked Luke with curiosity.

"Wance in the six months," she replied, "we have to steep his

ould clothes in logwood to make thim someway dacent. That's the first bile I threw out. We're now giving 'em the second." She pointed to the huge pot; and Luke, bending over, saw a grimy black mass swimming in some dark red liquid.

"And has he but one coat!" he asked.

"Only wan, yer reverence. He won't dress himself dacently like iverybody else. 'I'm more comfortable,' he says, 'in me ould duds.' And faith, I've enough to do to keep him from givin' away thim same to every poor man that calls. That is," she added, "if they'd take 'em."

"Well, take him up this letter from the Bishop," said Luke, "and say a priest would like to see him."

After a long interval she reappeared at the top of the stairs and called down: "Ye may come up, yer reverence; but mind thim steps, and don't lane too heavy agen the banister."

The ante-room into which Luke was ushered was miserable enough. It served as a bedroom; and, though clean, it was denuded of every stick of furniture, except the wooden chair, the washstand, and the simple pallet where the old man sought his often-broken repose. He passed into the inner room. The old man, dressed in a green soutane, stood up, and, without asking his name, greeted him warmly, and asked him to be seated, while he broke the seal on the Bishop's letter. The contents must have been pleasant, for the old man smiled.

"I have for a long time cherished the idea," said Luke, "that I should wish to make your acquaintance. My sister at the Good Shepherd Convent has again and again asked me to call, but one circumstance after another prevented me."

"Then you have a sister at the convent?" said the old man nervously, fussing about and showing not a little trepidation.

"Yes, Father—Sister Eulalie—you know her?"

"God bless me, you don't say so," said the old man, rising up and greeting Luke again warmly. "And you are Luke Delmege, the great theologian and lecturer!"

"My name is Luke Delmege," he said meekly.

"Well, I heard of you long before I saw you," said the old man. "God bless me! And you are Luke Delmege?"

"I have had a rather bitter trial to-day," said Luke. "I was

summoned before the Bishop to repel a most calumnious accusation."

"God bless me, now! And what did you say?"

"Of course I defended myself," said Luke, "and I think I satisfied the Bishop that I had said or done nothing wrong. But the sting remains."

The old man remained silent, looking steadily at Luke. The latter grew embarrassed now.

"You seem to think I have been wrong," he broke out at last. "What can a man do but defend himself?"

"God bless me! quite true, quite true! But he could say nothing, you know, my dear."

"And remain silent and condemned under a frightful accusation? No theologian binds a man to that," said Luke.

"Of course not, of course not," said Father Tracey. "But I think, well—I'm not sure—but I think our Lord was silent before His accusers, my dear. And He was justified by His Father!"

"That's very true, Father," said Luke, twisting around on the hard chair; "but these things are written for our admiration, not for our imitation. At least," he continued, noticing the look of pain on the aged face, "I heard a distinguished man say so very many years ago."

And then the old man opened up to Luke's wondering eyes, out of the treasures of his own holy experiences, the riches of knowledge that come not to the learned, but to the simple—the wisdom of the child and the angel, of Bethlehem and Calvary. And just as a clever artist shifts his scenery so that light falls behind light, and scenes blend into scenes, yet are absolutely distinct, so did this old man show to the wondering Luke how the mighty empire of the Precious Blood permeates and leavens the entire world, and holds undisputed possession only where its laws and maxims are fully acknowledged. And that elsewhere, where that most agreeable and fascinating amusement of men—the neat mortising and fitting in of the world's maxims with the Church's precepts—is practised, there the shadows are deeper and the lines that bound the empire fainter. And Luke also learned that the one central decree of the empire is: Lose thyself to find all; and that the old familiar watchword of self-renunciation and vicarious suffering

was in reality the peculiar and exclusive possession of Christianity and the Church. And he looked back over his own life and saw that his soul was naked and ashamed. Then he flung aside the riddle.

"Let me see but one or two examples, and it is enough for ever," he said.

There was one before him. The other, even more noble, more divine, he was about to see.

He bade the old man an affectionate farewell, and bent his steps towards the Good Shepherd Convent to see his sister. The lay-sister who answered the door, told him that his sister would be engaged for some time in the Orphanage; but that, if he would kindly wait till Vespers were finished, he could see Reverend Mother. On second thoughts, she invited him into the outer sacristy, where he could assist at Vespers. He saw for the first time the beautiful choir; he saw the sixty professed Sisters, the white veils, the postulants standing in the choir-stalls; he heard the *Magnificat* chanted by these young daughters of Jerusalem; the poetry, the beauty, sank into his soul.

"Ah!" he said, "if this were all religion, what a poem Christianity would be!"

He quite forgot the pause that is essential to melody—the chords in the minor keys that are the essentials of all harmony.

The choir broke up, and the Sisters passed swiftly to their duties. He heard a rustling behind him, and a voice:

"Sister Eulalie will be engaged for about half an hour, Father. Perhaps you would like to see the institution in the interval?"

"I shall be very pleased," said Luke.

She led him into the corridor, full of flowers and fragrance; thence by a rapid transition into the first workroom. He was face to face with the Magdalens. The shudder that touches every pure and fastidious soul at the very name crept over him as he saw the realities. The awful dread that the sight of soiled womanhood creates in the Catholic mind, so used to that sweet symbol of all womanly perfection—our Blessed Lady—made him tremble. It was only for a moment. There was nothing repulsive or alarming here. Seven or eight long tables, running parallel to each other, filled the room; and at each table, eight or ten women,

ranging from the young girl of fifteen to the woman of sixty, were silently occupied in laundry work. All modern appliances to save human labor were there. The workers were neatly dressed, and happy, if one could judge by their smiles. No human imagination, however powerful, could associate these eager workers with the midnight streets, the padded cell, the dock, the jail, or the river. It was a happy sisterhood, working in perfect silence and discipline. And over all there presided a young novice, in her white veil, who stood calmly working, like her poor sisters, taking up now a white cuff, now a collar, and giving her gentle instructions.

"It is the old mechanism and perfection I once desired," thought Luke; "but the motive power is love, not fear."

They passed into an inner room. Here was miracle number two. The Cistercian silence no longer reigned; but over the boom and buzz of vast machinery came a Babel of voices as the workers fled to and fro.

"Yer blessin', Feyther," cried one; and in a moment all were on their knees for Luke's benediction. And then, with easy familiarity, these poor girls took Luke around, and showed with intense pride the mighty secrets of the machinery; how steam was let on and shut off; how the slides worked on the rails in the drying-room, etc. And, moving hither and thither amongst them, in an attitude of absolute equality, were the white-robed Sisters, their spotless habits carefully tucked, for the floor was wet, and they labored and toiled like the rest.

"'Tis the commonwealth of Jesus Christ," said Luke.

And dear old Sister Peter came forward, an octogenarian, and showed him all her treasures and her pretty little oratory, with all its dainty pictures.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Fifty years, yer reverence, come Michaelmas."

"Then your purgatory is over," said Luke.

"I don't want purgathory, nor heaven ayther," she said, "as long as God laves me with the Sisthers."

The Sister and Luke passed out of the steamy atmosphere and the rumble of the machinery into a narrow corridor, which led to the boiler-room and engine-house.

"I should like you to see our new boiler," she said; "I'll run on and tell the engineer to have all ready. This is our Infirmary. Perhaps you would like to see it. There's but one patient here."

She opened the door, and pointed to the bed where Laura was lying. He went over at once, and, leaning over the sick girl, said a few kind words. Then looking around, he saw another figure over near the southern window, her face bent down over the book she was reading. He thought it would seem unkind to pass her by, so he went over and said cheerily:

"Convalescent, I suppose?"

She rose up, trembling all over. Then a blush of untold horror and shame flushed her face and forehead as their eyes met; but only to give place to a pallor deeper than that on the faces of the dead. He started back as if stung, and cried:

"Great God! Barbara! Miss Wilson!"

"Hush!" she said softly, placing her trembling finger on her lips. "That poor child is watching."

"But what? what? what?" he stammered. "What in God's name is this mystery? Why are you here?"

"God's will, Father," she said, simply.

"Of course," he said, in an excited manner; "but in what, in what capacity? Are you infirmarian?"

"No," she said, casting down her eyes.

"And how long have you been here?" he cried, his eyes wandering vaguely over her blue penitent's dress, and searching the calm depths of her face.

"Ten years," she said, in a low tone. "Ever since Louis died."

"Ten years! And your uncle and father searching all Europe for you! What is this horrible mystery? How long are you professed?"

"I am not a professed Sister, Father," she said, bravely.

"Then you are a nursing Sister attached to the city and coming in here—"

She shook her head. Her heart was breaking with shame and sorrow, as she plunged deeper and deeper in the valley of humiliation. He drew back, as the horrible thought flashed across his mind, and he recalled the dress of the Magdalens. She saw the little gesture and flushed again.

"I am afraid to ask further," he said coldly, and with reserve; "but do you belong to the community?"

"No, Father," she said bravely—it was the "Consummatum est" of her agony of ten years—"I am a penitent."

She was looking out over the trees and shrubs, looking with eyes dilated, like a consumptive's, her temples still flushed, and her face drawn and strained in agony. He, too, looked steadily through the window. He scarcely concealed the loathing with which that reluctant confession filled him for this young girl, standing there, apparently so calm. The shudder that he felt on entering the laundry where the Magdalens worked, and which gave way instantly before the sublime spectacle of their resurrection, now filled him with tenfold horror. Here, he thought, there was no excuse. Neither ignorance, nor poverty, nor heredity to palliate the shame. He was side by side, not with a sinful woman, but with a lost angel. The transformation was perfect. He thought he read it in her face. There was—there could be—no resurrection here. He paused for a moment to consider what he would do. As he did so, the vision that he had once seen in the garden of the Schweizerhof came up before him, the vision of the wrecked soul and its guardian angel. The thought was too terrible. His memory of that one night tempted him to stretch out his hand and say a kind farewell to one he should never see again. But one side glance at that ill-made, coarse, bulky dress of penitence deterred him. He bowed stiffly and said "Good-day!" with a frown. Barbara continued staring blindly through the window. Then slowly, as her heart broke under the agony, her hot tears fell, burned her hand, and blistered the book which she held.

As Luke passed Laura's bed, she beckoned to him.

"Would yer reverence tell me," she said, "on yer word of honor as a priest, do ye know that girl?"

"Yes," he said sharply; "I know something of her."

"Would ye tell me, yer reverence, once and for all, is she the Blessed Virgin Mary?"

"No," he said shortly; "she is not!"

"Than' God an' you," the poor girl cried. "I struck her wance with them five fingers. I saw the print of 'em this minit on her face whin she blushed. Than' God, I now die aisy."

The Sister, who was awaiting him in the corridor, was surprised at the change in his manner and appearance.

"Can I see the Reverend Mother, Sister," he said impatiently, "and at once?"

"By all means, Father," she replied; "come this way to the parlor."

What occurred at that momentous interview we are not privileged to know. But Luke Delmege came forth a changed and a shamed man. He knew then that all the sublime naturalism, with which he had been brought face to face for the last few days, had touched the summit in that heart, which he had left torn and bleeding in the infirmary. He had seen what he wanted to see—the supreme example of self-abandonment; and he knew then that heroic sanctity, as taught by the Church and the Saints, was no myth.

He had gone far down towards the entrance lodge before he thought of his sister. She had seen him pass her by, but was afraid to accost him. She knew that he knew all; that the secret of the King, so faithfully kept for ten years, was no longer a secret. She called out "Luke," just as he thought of her. He came back, dazed and blinded. She had a hundred things to say to him; but now her lips were closed, as she stood, niched in a clump of laurels, and looked at his wild eyes and his drawn face. He stood before his little sister for a moment, and the thought came back of her warning the evening he dined at the Canon's; and Margery's rash judgments then, and his own rash judgments an hour ago, clashed together. He placed his hands on his dear little sister's shoulders, beneath her black veil. He would have given all the world to kiss her. But he felt he dared not. The glamor of the unseen world was round about him, and he was afraid. Margery said faintly:

"Oh! Luke! what's the matter? What has happened?"

He stooped down, and, snatching up hastily the white ivory cross that hung from her rosary, he kissed it passionately, and, without a word, strode out into the city.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ARMAGH.

THE enterprise on which his Eminence Cardinal Logue has embarked, of completing the decoration of the Cathedral of Armagh, is the greatest religious work in which all Ireland has been interested for many years. The building of the various diocesan cathedrals and institutions have each been of more importance to their own locality, and have been more elaborate and more necessary undertakings; but Armagh, as the national cathedral of the country, has a claim upon the devotion of all Irishmen, and it was in this confidence that Cardinal Logue asked for their assistance.

The magnificent bazaar which was held within its walls in the middle of July, 1900, was the central point round which all their world-wide collection was grouped. The people of the archdiocese naturally provided the largest aggregate contribution, and it was they who organized and carried out the bazaar. But the cooperation in the work was as warm and as general on the part of all the rest of Ireland, and of the Irish race from sea to sea. The Irish Catholics of America, who bore so large a part of the cost of erecting the shell of the cathedral thirty years ago, have again had their generosity tried; and, despite their many more pressing claims of religion and charity at home, they have on this occasion given further proof of their unfailing attachment to Ireland—an attachment which inspires more gratitude than our modern Irish nature (sadly chilled, I fear, by English stolidness) can show. Likewise, to every remote corner of the globe where one of our countrymen had found a home, the appeal for the honor of the faith of Ireland made its way, and was proudly and affectionately answered.

The ornamentation of the interior of the cathedral has been a long-deferred task. The fabric was completed in 1873, and nothing was left unfinished of its external architecture. But beyond some necessary painting about the choir, and the erection of a Lady's altar in the apse, no decoration had been able to be afforded it within.

Since then it has been used almost uninterruptedly for divine worship, and its lofty pillared nave and choir make a noble ex-

panse for the ceremonies of religion. But it still wants the appropriate furnishing and upholstering. A cold, empty impression is made by the first view of its interior. The walls and ceiling are bare and plain, without moulding or mullion, picture or shrine. The chancel and high altar, of the simplest temporary character, looked mean amid such majestic proportions. The Caen stone altar in the apse is a good one, with a handsome perpendicular screen at the back; but it is sadly yellowed with its short quarter century of exposure. Over it rises a fine end window of the Crucifixion which throws its purple light across the choir—the only element of richness in the black vista from the porch. It was erected by a friend in 1879 to commemorate the two builders of the cathedral, Archbishops Crolly and Dixon. Except for this window, there is little yet of worship from the "seven daughters of the light." A couple of smaller side windows have been presented; but most of those in the choir and transepts are yet plain glass.

The only painting which is fit to be preserved is the panelled ceiling of the chancel. This is truly beautiful in design and color. What little plain illumination was given the walls of the choir has considerably faded, and a fine series of frescoed busts around the spring of the apse roof have been much damaged by damp. Here is abundant room for the expenditure of $150,000, which the bazaar realized.

The painting of the choir, the erection of suitable windows, the laying of a chancel floor, the addition of choir chapels, and the proper flooring, pewing, and heating of the building, are all large projects to approach. The first step was begun with the providing of a high altar. Enough of the structure, at an approximate cost of $30,000, is already set up to give one an idea of its marvellous beauty when complete. The altar itself is a massive block of the fairest white marble, with no carving or ornament, but the simplest beading and a single scroll, to interfere with the effect of its smooth unbroken surface—an object which, like the marbles of Napoleon's tomb, delights more by its plain grandeur and loveliness than would any beautiful forms into which it could be shaped. The screen which is to rise behind it to a height of forty feet, exhibits in its yet disjointed parts glossy

panels and most exquisitely delicate carvings in all the daintiest tints of marble from green to snowy white, which bring to the mind the rapturous language with which Ruskin was inspired by the Campanile of Florence.

The cathedral was closed some time after the bazaar, and the work of decoration taken vigorously in hand. A hot water heating system has since been laid in. The groining of the roof, and the setting of the floor are at present proceeding; and it is expected that a further period of two years will enable all the furnishings to be completed.

No such deficiencies can be complained of in the appearance of the exterior of the cathedral, which towers up so nobly from the hill over the old city of Armagh. From the green wooded country outside, one's eye is at once caught by the two tall, slender spires that spring from its façade. Viewed from the foot of its own hill, its elegant, soaring outlines, its massive, smooth, white-gray walls, the austere grace of its smooth, tapering towers, give an impression of unusual solemnity and grandeur. The long ascent from the street is made by a series of flights of steps divided by terraced levels, to the open brow on which the building rises. And here a survey of the details adds elements of beauty to the effect of its general appearance.

The doorways exhibit little of the mouldings and traceries of the old Gothic arches. But the central one, with its massive portal and deep-fluted recess, and the simpler side doors, befit the dignity and rigid lines of the whole. On either side, in handsome decorated niches are statues of the founder and the second glory of the see of Armagh, St. Patrick on the left, and St. Malachy on the right. On the doorways is a row of white marble figures of the Twelve Apostles, and, above, the wall is pierced by one great pointed window of seven shafts, in striking and beautiful proportions, more appropriate to the comparative plain exterior than the rose which circles above more decorated fronts. Within, it is true, one misses from its bare light the softened red and gold tints, as of a far-off heaven, that stream down from the rose window in the grand old cathedrals of sunny lands; but this church makes no pretence to vie with the monuments of limitless extent and expenditure which the ages of faith raised for their devotion and our wonderment.

The octagonal towers, save for a series of lunettes and one story of double Gothic windows on their sides, slope in an unbroken surface—all the more imposing, perhaps, for having no airy traceries to divert the eye from the upward pointing finger; but one misses, notwithstanding, the exquisite delicacy of some of our newer Irish spires.

The sides have a similar plain solidity of appearance. The clerestory is emphatically high, so as to make the absence of flying buttresses remarkable. The transept windows are also fine, in size and shape—on each side a pointed light, surmounted by a small rose. An unusual feature is a pair of small rounded towers projecting from each of the transept gables, the back one in each case taller and bigger than the former turret.

Behind the cathedral stands the Synod Hall, a handsome Gothic building, erected recently; and beyond it are the Archbishop's residence, "Ara Coeli," and the Diocesan College.

The prospect that stretches on all sides below adds much to the attractiveness of the cathedral hill. There is not a glimpse of mountain, lake, or sea, which form the principal charms of our Irish scenery—even the streak of the winding river in the valley is hidden in the leafy bushes; but here in the heart of the green country one can feel as keenly the *divina gloria ruris* of the "fair hills of holy Ireland." A great rolling surface of corn and "green and purple meadow-sea" stretches all around to a remote horizon, swelling in upward slopes and round knolls of tree clumps, with white houses glistening here and there under the grassy hills—the whole scene breathing the joy and quiet of nature, and speaking the richness of her bounty.

Looking abroad over the sunny plain one remembers how much of the drama of Irish history it has staged; and imagination wonders did it unroll itself as fair before St. Patrick's eyes when he first stood upon the brow from which the Protestant cathedral now fronts us and marked out the ground for his church. Before us are all the scenes of the poetical incidents of the foundation of his diocese, and of his prophetic indication of the new cathedral's site, which are treasured amongst our Christian legends and which Aubrey de Vere has coined into English gold.

At our feet in the valley is the town of Armagh, an irregular

group of slate roofs and dull grey walls, climbing up to the original cathedral of the see, now appropriated by Henry VIII's Establishment, upon the opposite hill. Its massive, stunted tower makes a noble monument, but the details of the church are lost in the cluster of houses about its garth. The brown walls of the fine old nave and choir incorporate much of Primate O'Scanlon's structure, raised A. D. 1266; and though some of the foundations may have been uprooted after the accidental fires and the burnings and lootings of the Danes which it so often suffered, they certainly preserve the area of the cathedral of Celsus, Malachy, and Gelasius, and the long line of the courts of Patrick, and the scene of the fortnight's solemn obsequies that honored the remains of King Brian Boroimhe before they were lowered into the grave, of which time and pillage have destroyed every token.

The background is a great receding slope, thickly belted with fine plantations which fill the whole horizon in that southern direction. In its woods are the Palace of the Protestant Archbishop, and the ruins of the old Franciscan abbey, the most considerable relic, apart from the cathedral itself, of the religious eminence of ancient Armagh.

Except for an ornamental portion, known as the Mall, the town is unattractive enough. But amid its commonplace rows of houses the name "English Street" recalls, not the expulsion of the native race by the Planters of James I, but the settlement of Saxon students, like Alfred of Northumbria, whose quarter this was from ten to thirteen centuries ago, when the walks of this old Celtic city were thronged with pupils, lay and clerical, who came from all the nations of Europe, to the number at times of seven thousand, to seek learning at the School of Armagh the Splendid. And among the bare modern buildings we trace the sites of the cloisters where Culdees prayed and artist monks bent in loving labor over their manuscripts.

But there are memories of remoter times than these awakened by the scene before us. The hill itself has a name which bears its legendary history back into the twilight of the early gods; for it is said to be the burial mound erected over the grave of Queen Macha, the wife of Nemidius, whom the chroniclers represent to have conquered Ireland nearly 2400 B. C. And the vestiges of

authentic incidents are not less interesting. Just hidden behind the ridge of land a mile away towards the west are the remains of the great palace of Eamania, where the kings of Ulster ruled for over six hundred years. A steep circular mound of earth, entrenched by three concentric ramparts, the outmost of which is still complete enough to show its impregnability when garrisoned, is all that remains, in the midst of the vast expanse of plain it commands, to mark the stronghold of the warrior race of Ir which Cimbaoth reared three hundred years before the birth of our Lord. It was from this rath Conor MacNessa led his Red Branch Knights to danger; on this grianan he sat lonely for battle and feast in the days of his decline; and here he witnessed the convulsions of nature at the Crucifixion. It was here that Deirdre and the sons of Usna were betrayed. Here Cuchulain paid homage to his king, when commissioned to check Queen Meve's invasion, in the heroic contest which supplied the Iliad of Irish story. And it is now almost sixteen centuries since this fortress was reduced by the new conquerors of Ulster to the ruin it still remains, and its kingly line, their power forever broken, driven out amid fire and blood to seek a refuge in the glens of Antrim.

The wealth of Armagh and the unwarlike character of its population, and perhaps its importance as the centre of that religion which so kindled their hatred, provoked a succession of fierce attacks from the Norsemen, making this district one of those most afflicted by their ravages. And their savage ranks must have often wended southwards across these hills laden with spoils of the sanctuary, while the flames of the dismantled houses which they fed with the students' books and the illuminated missals mounted into the sky.

During the earlier centuries of English aggression this territory, being so effectually guarded on the south by the mountain sentinels where Cuchulain's spirit wanders, generally escaped invasion. It was not equally free from the inglorious contests of the native chiefs. On the northern horizon we may distinguish the hill and trees of Dungannon which was the home of the O'Neils of Ulster from the early days of their supremacy, and saw the hostings of their Ard Righ Brian against de Burg and the march of Donald O'Neil to join Edward Bruce. But it is in the flickering glory of

the later O'Neil's resistance to the armies of Elizabeth that this plain which spreads around the old city is again brought into view, as the battle-ground of the national struggle.

Armagh itself was taken and retaken a dozen times over by the opposing parties. Shane the Proud, whose fierce kingly character fascinates us in spite of all its dark stains, made it his stronghold, with the fortifications the Lord Deputy had raised against him, and burned down the cathedral in wrath at the sermon of the loyal palesman, Primate Creagh, at which he had attended in state with his whole army. In his castle of Beuburb, whose red sandstone outlines we see across to the west, near the sky limit, he held his royal court, with all Ulster as his vassal. Hugh O'Neil's sieges of the city were some of his most difficult ventures of stratagem and courage. And in the long and untiring campaigns of successive English leaders against him every inch of the country around us was disputed by his heroism and generalship. Skirmish and surprise and pitched battle have given a memory to every marsh and hill and pass, of the wavering struggle for English supremacy or Irish freedom. Only three miles from us towards the north we can locate Beal and Ath Buidhe, where Hugh won his most eventful victory over the English force. And history tells how he saw honorable burial given Bagnall and all the enemy's dead before riding on to receive the submission of Armagh. Beyond it is the Blackwater, whose banks were so often contested by the advancing armies of the Queen, and whose forts O'Neil assaulted in vain. To and fro across this plain—back to Mountmorris and behind the hills of Newry, and up to the forts and even to Dungannon's blazing roofs—we can picture the tide of warfare surging, as the clansmen of Ulster swept their foe before them, until Mountjoy's perseverance eventually gained upon O'Neil. And at last we see the proud chieftain, when his and Ireland's last hope had faded, riding past, under the hill of Armagh, with an English escort, on his way to Mellifont to make his submission to Elizabeth "on the knees of his heart."

A few years later saw the Scotch colonists of James I taking possession of these rich acres, from which the old lords of a thousand years had been driven, and the native clansmen, who

had owned them equally with their chiefs, bound in serfdom to the new alien planters.

Of the brave days of 'forty-one, too, Armagh has its record. Among the fiery Sir Phelim's chief exploits in the irresistible campaign that gave him command of the whole province, was his storming of the forts along the river which frowned upon Tyrone; and in his occupation of Armagh, now a town of planters, he subjected the cathedral to another of its periodic burnings.

Above us, at Loughgall, was for a good period the encampment of the Confederate army, until dislodged by the Scotch forces of Monroe. And across where the castle of Beuburb mounts guard above the Blackwater, are the slopes on which surged the last onsets of Owen Roe's victory—the last victory of Ireland, won for her by the noblest of her sons, and the last field where the Red Hand waved upon the plains of Ulster.

One more vision of history is brought before us on this spot. Through the gloom that hung over the North all the last century a gleam of light flashes from the tower of Dungannon church, where the Volunteers met to acknowledge Ireland as the only country of their allegiance, and declare her free of any control but that of her own king and people.

The cathedral itself is the pillar-stone of the new era—the emancipation and the growing triumph of the old creed and race. And this period it will, we trust, illustrate as vividly as does the unchanging scene around it preserve the memories of the past.

It is now sixty years since the building of this cathedral was begun. The foundation stone was laid on St. Patrick's day, 1840, by Archbishop Crolly, the then Primate, who first conceived the project. The pride of the Catholics of Ulster and of all Ireland at its inception was such as we in these altered times can hardly understand. For nearly three hundred years a Catholic bishop had not dared to live in this "black fortress of ascendancy;" for in no county had the Plantation been more effectually made, or a more aggressive intolerance been fostered; and when Dr. Crolly on his accession a few years before had made Armagh one of his residences, the Orange mob was outraged at his audacity. And now Catholic Ireland which, though waxing strong in position and prosperity, had been hitherto fearful of asserting its predom-

inance in its own land, was about to proclaim its emancipation from the slavery and poverty in which it had for two centuries been held, and to claim again preëminence for its temple and its faith in the home of its ancient glories. A noble church was to rear its head in the centre of St. Patrick's see, announcing the freedom and immortality of the Catholic faith of Ireland. And those who so long had regarded themselves as a defenceless minority in the midst of a victorious alien church and race, and had been glad to be allowed to worship unmolested in a back street, were now about to openly take possession of their rightful inheritance.

Archbishop Crolly found a glorious site for his cathedral in the great hill which rose over the city to the north. On this height the raising of the walls went steadily on for the first nine years, keeping pace with the no less vigorous work of collection in which Dr. Crolly himself engaged. On this mission he traveled all through Ireland, obtaining liberal help from the Catholics of the four Provinces and from the generous Protestant element everywhere, which, even then when party prejudice was so much stronger than at present, showed an honorable goodwill towards its Catholic fellow countrymen.

The death of the Primate in 1849 checked all progress for some years. Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen, who succeeded him, thought the scheme too ambitious for the circumstances of the diocese, and allowed the work to lapse. On this prelate's translation to the see of Dublin, Armagh received as bishop Dr. Dixon, who felt as warm a devotion to the undertaking as its founder, and made it as essentially his life work. He immediately resumed building operations in 1854, and solemnized the occasion by celebrating the first Mass within the edifice before a great assemblage from all parts of Ireland. The walls had been almost completed under Dr. Crolly's supervision, and their enclosure was covered over for this day with sheets, to shelter the congregation. But a smiling morn was succeeded, as Mass began, by a terrific storm of hail and wind; and just after the Elevation, the violent gusts tore off the cloth roof, extinguished all the candles, and nearly overturned the altar. To more than the superstitious this untoward incident might seem an ill omen.

But the material success of the Bishop's efforts in obtaining the necessary funds and completing the structure was perhaps a truer manifestation of heavenly favor than would be the smile of the capricious weather, which is made to shine upon the just and the unjust.

From this second start the work proceeded uninterruptedly during the Archbishop's life; and he was equally successful in the collection which he set on foot simultaneously and extended not only throughout Ireland, but also to the scattered homes which the famine had compelled the people to seek beyond the seas.

This was the first time a general appeal was made to America for such a purpose, and the result was wonderful. It has perhaps given the Irish Americans a character for generosity which it must have often strained even their warmheartedness to live up to since. One collector alone on this occasion gathered $25,000 in a few months.

Dr. Dixon completed and roofed in the main building by 1866; and it only remained to erect the towers and plaster and prepare the interior. But he died in the land of Moab before seeing the perfection of his work to which he so often looked with hope.

Nothing was attempted by the next bishop, Dr. Kieran, who was an aged man at the time of his consecration. It was left to the Most Reverend Daniel McGettigan, who became Primate in 1870, to bring the long-protracted undertaking to a conclusion. A couple of years' work raised the spires, and gave the interior the plain finish its ministers have since had to be satisfied with. And then the Archbishop invited all within the four seas of Erin to come to his dedication of their National Cathedral on August 24, 1893. This dedication day was the grandest and most impressive in the religious history of Ireland, since that on which the Confederate Catholics welcomed Rinuccini to St. Canice's. The immense multitude that gathered on the hill that memorable morning—representatives of every county of Ireland come to honor St. Patrick's name; the pomp and grandeur of the ceremony, heightened by the procession of all Ireland's hierarchy, out of whose ranks towered the loved and reverenced figure of the Primate, an

Irish prince in appearance and character; and especially the thrilling sense in every heart of the significance of the celebration—the triumph after its centuries of bondage and persecution of the old Irish faith of our fathers, its throne "raised again in golden sheen," and a temple restored to St. Patrick on the hill of his own choice to be the "strong mother church of all His great clan—Christ,"—these memories are cherished still by all the participators in that festival, with a fervor to which those of us are unequal who have grown up without a baptism of blood.

JOSEPH DOLAN, M.A.

Ardee, Ireland.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS.

I.

"CAN you be with us? It will cost you the time and the railway fare. The time is yours; I wish I were able to send you the railroad fare. Winchester seems to be a very central point for all, and it is easily accessible." Thus wrote the amiable and indefatigable Secretary of the Catholic Missionary Union, inviting us to attend a congress of missionaries in the hot month of August.

But where is Winchester? About half-way between Nashville and Chatanooga, a pretty little mountain town, and quite a cool place in summer. Here the Paulist Fathers have purchased a beautiful estate, some four hundred acres of land with a lordly mansion on it, formerly the home of a Governor of Tennessee and known as "Hundred Oaks." At this charming place, destined to become a Catholic mission centre for the South, the delegates gathered from distant parts of the country on August 26, to discuss the methods of missionary work, the ways and means of carrying out an active propaganda among the great body of non-Catholics in this country.

The meeting was arranged and managed with much forethought and skill. It embraced members of religious orders as well as secular priests. Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, the *Episcopus loci*, who also

presided over the meetings. Bishop Allen, of Mobile, attended all the sessions, and offered many valuable suggestions. It was a unique assemblage, sustained by unflagging enthusiasm. All were animated with the "new wine" of Pentecost, the zeal for conversion, the missionary fire. How can we best serve our separated brethren? The harvest is whitening; let us be about the garnering; let us invite earnest men and zealous apostles to join us in the great national work of converting our dear country unto the Church of the Crucified. What more patriotic wish could we have?

Our enthusiasm received additional fervor when we learned that the Bishops and Superiors of religious orders were in sympathy with the movement. Their letters, read before the delegates, betokened a serious and practical interest in our congress. Our Holy Father's representative, Cardinal Martinelli, had sent his blessing, and we were thus assured that we were acting with mind and heart in union with Rome.

Six sessions, each lasting about three hours, were held successively. Every moment was absorbed with attention to things of vital interest in the movement of converting souls.[1]

II.

The Superior of the New York Apostolate presented a paper on "Bands of Diocesan Priests." It delineated the work of diocesan missionaries in country parishes and poor missions, and graphically told of the importance and peculiarity of missionary labors under the immediate jurisdiction of the Bishop. The objection has been urged that diocesan missionaries interfere with the special work of the religious orders and deprive them of their means of sustenance. To this may be replied that no religious order in America has ever claimed the monopoly of giving missions; neither has the demand for missions by religious orders decreased since the organization of diocesan bands. We have been repeatedly assured by missionaries of the Jesuits, Domin-

[1] All the addresses and papers, carefully prepared, together with the discussions they elicited, will be published in book-form. They will furnish an epitome of Pastoral Theology for Missionary Priests, full of thoughts ripened on the field of spiritual struggles.

icans, Paulists, and Passionists, that they have engagements too many to fill; that they are obliged to increase the force of their mission bands, etc. The especial end which the organized diocesan bands of priests have is to give missions to non-Catholics, and to give missions in country districts where pastor and people are too poor to make an offering to the missionaries.

A very interesting essay on "Topics of Preaching" was delivered by the founder of the diocesan bands, the "great old warrior" on the battlefield of the Lord, a man mighty in speech and rich in deeds. He painted in glowing colors the effective preacher, the *alter Christus*, who speaks from a heart on fire, teaching by the sanctity of his life, in every movement and gesture. He advocated doctrinal subjects with a moral flavor as most suitable for lectures and sermons to non-Catholics. The stern doctrine of the Crucified should be taught without fear and without minimizing; while an appeal to the boundless love of the Sacred Heart will never fail to win souls for Christ. The missionary must stand for an integral Catholicism, doctrinal and devotional. "Of all the felonies," Pope Leo XIII says, "known to man or to God, none is worse than that of obtaining converts under false pretences." The infallibility of the Church, the truth of the Real Presence, the necessity of Confession, should be insisted on. The fact that the American people, on the whole, long for the truth of Christ, and are ready to hearken to each kindly invitation, ought to be appreciated as a necessary opportunity which is a part of our vocation. The missionary must realize that the bulk of our people belongs as yet to the world, and not to Christ, and that they need to be saved as a man in a burning house must be delivered from the danger. The plea that souls in invincible ignorance may be saved outside the Church will not avail, for such souls may be lost through the demon of sin, as well as of error. Among the topics, the discussion of which is most calculated to aid the missionary in winning our nation to the faith, he will find that which explains and dwells on the teaching authority of the Church of primary importance. Prove that the teachings of Christ have been given to the safekeeping of a society which all men can see and approach, and the work of conversion receives its most powerful impetus. And then show how the inner life, the real life of man,

is fostered and nourished by the Church, and the work is complete. Very many non-Catholics imagine that the Church is all formality, all ritual and ceremonial, all show and pomp, and that there is no soul, no spirituality, no inner life, no help to sanctification.

There is a peculiar temptation, in preaching to non-Catholics, to attack error instead of establishing the truth. "It is more natural to rout an enemy than to make a friend." This is a mistake. Show forth the truth in all its splendor, and falsehood will disappear of itself. Show that the Church is not a hindrance, but a real aid in bringing the soul nearer to God, and in leading it to the tranquil fellowship of the saints. But in setting forth and unfolding the Church's teachings, it must be remembered that the personal qualifications of the exponent are of paramount importance. "No cause can be so hopeless as a religious one which has an incompetent, shall we say unworthy, advocate; and no cause so favored as one championed by a saint."

Preaching is, of course, a chief factor in the work of converting Protestants and infidels. "Faith cometh from hearing. How can they hear without a preacher?" But it is not to be forgotten, that whilst a missionary may lack the gift of oratory, he may still be a powerful preacher. Very few are orators, all who are called by vocation to the sacred ministry are to be preachers. Prayer and study are essential for the immediate preparation of the preacher.

Other topics on which papers were prepared and read before the convention occupied the intelligent attention of the delegates, and provoked useful discussions. These were: Ways of dealing with questions placed in the question box; How to influence the training of priests for the missionary work; Instruction of converts; The missions in the South; The relation of a Catholic mission to a non-Catholic one; Localized work in country districts; Missions among Scandinavians and German Lutherans; The place of literature in mission work; Personal work by missionaries in making converts; Eucharistic mission to non-Catholics; Parish work of the diocesan missionaries; Missions among Colored People; The Catholic Missionary Union; Prayers for the conversion of America.

Several delegates were appointed to tender their services as

lecturers to the rectors of our different seminaries in order to elicit the interest of the students in the work of missions to non-Catholics. The aspirants to the sacred priesthood will thus be brought into touch with the great missionary movement and imbued with the missionary zeal to preach the Gospel to "every creature." The future priests will thus be convinced of the necessity of preaching to Protestants, and will become effective convert-makers when in the exercise of their sacred calling. Unless the parish clergy engages energetically in systematic work for non-Catholics, converts will be but few in the land, and the seed will produce but little fruit.

In the southern home of the devoted men who have labored so hard for the conversion of souls it became more and more evident how true was the claim of a noble and earnest worker amid those religious, that the South presents "the most inviting field possible in the English-speaking world." This claim may be mainly based on the two following reasons: The non-Catholic people of the South have preserved more of the Christian tradition, and have a stronger faith in revealed religion than is found among any other people, not of the fold; and although this belief is often vague and fragmentary, it offers a splendid foundation and affords an opportunity which the experienced missionary will be glad to accept. Secondly, the people of the South are not, as a rule, steeped in prejudice, whilst they are traditionally hospitable and generous. These traits are of help to them and to the missionary in the work of conversion.

The personal work and personal influence of the missionary cannot be rated too highly for the success of conversions. While fully aware that the Spirit breathes where it willeth; and unless the Lord build the house, they who build it labor in vain, we all have to admit that the personality of the preacher and his personal work are an essential feature in the divine plan of the Founder of the Church, which takes cognizance of human nature and human needs, and which ever presses the natural into the service of the supernatural. In the elements that enter into the personal character of the missionary, tact holds a prominent place. The very derivation of the word suggests the use which it is made to subserve. The missionary must be *in touch* with his hearers; he must

entertain and manifest a sympathetic feeling for their struggles and aspirations. In the so-called inquiry class the personal magnetism of the missionary reaps its full harvest. This class is composed of those who desire to know more about the Church than they have learnt during the lectures. It is carried on either by the missionaries or the local clergy. The special advantage of the inquiry class is that the personal influence of the priest is narrowed down and concentrated to those who are immediately interested, and that it brings priest and people more in touch than they had been during the lecture which had awakened the interest.

The question-box is no longer a novelty at missions to non-Catholics. It has become an indispensable machine for instruction and information. It gives the missionary opportunities to take up questions outside the scope of the lecture proper, and in this way to reach out to the intelligent non-Catholics who begin to see, for the first time perhaps, the unfairness, the ignorance, the prejudice of many of their brethren. It affords at the same time an object lesson to the outside world of the distracted state of the various denominations. It ascertains the intellectual and spiritual condition of the audience. It attracts a larger attendance, as the interest aroused by the questions spreads rapidly through the community. It imparts to Catholics themselves much useful information which they have either forgotten or have never known.

In the handling of the questions the missionary should display a deep-seated charity, which is never offended or irritated; an unlimited kindness, which never wearies; a prudent sagacity, which measures the answers according to the needs of the hearers; a firm conviction, which rests on the eternal truth of God. Whether the questions should be answered on the same day as they are received, or whether it is better to allow sufficient time for careful preparation before answering, will depend on the experience, readiness, and skill of the missionary himself. Mere show of learning, or exhibition of purely mental superiority should be eschewed as unworthy of the sacred occasion.

The discussions over methods employed in the conversion of non-Catholics revealed great variety in the giving of missions, owing to the difference of place and people. What one missionary

recommended as helpful, another regarded as a hindrance. In the essential features, however, all were in accord. Missions to non-Catholics should be given in a Catholic church or chapel; they should be surrounded with Catholic ceremonies, and should always close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Our Divine Lord will draw souls to Himself. For the first time the stray sheep come within reach of His sacramental love. The Holy Eucharist has always been the magnet in attracting wandering souls. If the missionary is obliged, for want of a Catholic place of worship, to give his lectures in a public hall, he should do so in cassock, with cincture and crucifix. He should not appear unless arrayed in priestly robes.

The advantages of a Catholic mission preceding a non-Catholic one, especially in cities and the larger country parishes, were acknowledged, and the incalculable benefits for the faithful themselves were pointed out. There is no better way to reach our Catholic young men with a complete course of instructions on the fundamentals of religion than by those lectures to non-Catholics. Aside from the conversions of Protestants, as pastors can tell, many Catholic men have been brought to a better understanding and more intelligent and fervent practice of their religion, while downright apostates have thereby found an open door to return to their Mother, who received them with holy joy.

III.

What will be the outcome of the Congress? What results did it reach? All who assisted declare themselves personally benefited by it. But of more value than the great personal advantages derived from it are the general effects of the gathering upon the whole country.

It has become clear to all that the missionary work for non-Catholics has passed beyond the experimental stage, and that we are sure of its future success. The apostolate inaugurated by saintly priests and so admirably organized and propagated by the Paulist Fathers will gather the richest harvest of souls for the Church; it will become a necessary element in the American priesthood, and cease only when all the "other sheep" have been brought into the fold of Christ.

Doubts about the utility of this missionary undertaking have now been removed. The movement itself has been taken out of the narrow circle of a few heroic workers and has become national.

The delegates met as comparative strangers, known to each other by name only; at Winchester the closest ties of friendship were formed, to last for life. They were all of one mind and heart. A deep interest has been awakened in each other's successes, and a determined willingness to lend mutual help in this missionary movement.

The deplorable needs of the South and the Far West were brought home to all; and the warm hand of sympathy, and the strong hand of support, and the ready hand of financial help, were stretched out to those who have kept up for years an almost hopeless struggle against poverty, bigotry, indifference, and sin. Plans were devised to further effectively and speedily the labors of missionaries and to create a special work for home and foreign missions. These plans, however, will not be made public until they have received the approval of the American Hierarchy.

As the Fathers of the diocesan bands are under the immediate direction and supervision of their respective bishops, whom they try to serve as faithful scouts in saving souls, complete uniformity of rules and regulations concerning missions, the common life of missionaries, devotional exercises, salaries, etc., could not be adopted. The methods and means, however, to be used in converting our separated friends will be hereafter the same in substance, differing only according to local requirements. All are thoroughly united in the one burning, all-absorbing idea—America must be and will be Catholic. The means for the conversion of our beloved country will be the same as those used by the apostles and missionaries of old—prayer, good example, preaching the Word of God. These means are within our reach. The priesthood has the responsibility of using them and having them used. Priests will convert America. And the chief result of the first Congress of missionaries to non-Catholics is the one hoped and longed for by the illustrious Bishop of Peoria—"an increase of zeal and activity for the conversion of America."

WM. STANG.

Providence, R. I.

Analecta.

EX ACTIS LEONIS XIII ET E SECRETARIA BREVIUM.

V. C. Herberto Story, Praefecto et Vice-Cancellario: item Rectori, Doctoribus atque Auditoribus Univ. Stud. Glasguensis.

Iucundas scito Nobis communes litteras vestras fuisse. Memoriam beneficiorum colere, multoque magis ferre prae se palam ab libere, virtus est non humilia nec angusta sentientis animi: atque istiusmodi virtutem libet quidem in vobis agnoscere, studiorum optimorum ingeniique decora praeclare cumulantem. Quod enim Lyceum magnum, ubi vestra omnium desudat industria, debet Apostolicae Sedi origines suas, idcirco sub solemnia eius saecularia ad romanum Pontificem vestra provolavit cogitatio memor, atque ultro arcessivistis Nosmetipsos in laetitiae societatem tamquam desideraturi aliquid, si voluntatis Nostrae significatione in hoc tempore caruissetis. Equidem gratum habemus facimusque plurimi tale officium humanitatis cum iudicii aequitate coniunctum. Memoria autem vetera repetentes, utique diversamur apud vos animo per hos dies, reique tam utiliter a Nicolao V Pontifice maximo institutae cogitatione delectamur. Quo quidem instituto certe magnus ille decessor Noster de Scotorum genere immortaliter meruit; praetereaque et ipse in aperto posuit, romani pontificatus virtutem in elegantiam doctrinae, in studia ingenuarum artium, quibus maxime rebus alitur humanitas gentium, ad incrementum suapte natura influere. Cetera istud maiorum disciplinarum nobile domicilium constanter florere cupimus saluta-

rium ubertate fructuum et gloria nominis: Deumque omnipotentem comprecamur, ut doctos labores vestros omni in genere ad veritatem dirigere, vosque universos perfecta Nobiscum caritate coniungere benigne velit.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die IX Iunii Anno MDCCCCI. Pontificatus Nostri vicesimo quarto.

LEO PP. XIII.

E S. R. UNIVERSALI INQUISITIONE.

DECRETA QUOAD DEVOTIONEM ERGA ANIMAM SSMAM D. N. J. C.

Delatis ad Supremam Congregationem S. Officii supplicibus literis, una cum nonnullis precandi formulis, pro adprobatione devotionis erga Ssmam Animam D. N. J. C. E.mi DD. Cardinales Inquisitores Generales decreverunt: "Publicentur decreta condemnatoria devotionis, de qua sermo." Haec decreta sunt sequentia:

(1) Cum a S. Rituum Congregatione nonnulla ad S. Officium remissa fuissent circa devotionem erga Ssmam Animam D. N. J. C., fer. IV die 10 Martii 1875 decretum fuit: "Providendum ne in publico Ecclesiae cultu, praetextu devotionis erga Ssmam Animam Christi, improbandae novitates in imaginibus et precationum formulis aliisque rebus sacris irrepant aut, inconsulta S. Sede, quidquam novi inducatur, maxime si deriventur ex revelationibus aut visionibus nec examinatis nec adprobatis. In scriptis vero ad S. Rituum Congregationem missis nonnulla reperiri minime probanda, sine quorum emendatione permittendum non esse ut illa in vulgus edantur."

(2) Anno 1883, exhibitis precibus pro fundatione Instituti pro adoratione Animae Ssmae D. N. J. C., fer. IV die 10 Maii eiusdem anni, iidem Emi Patres decretum tulere: "S. Congregatio precibus respondet: *Negative*. Idque scribendum Episcopo, qui retrahat indulgentias adfixas orationibus et cuilibet earum verbo, fidemque non adhibeat revelationibus de quibus agitur; et communicetur Episcopo decretum latum anno 1875."

(3) Tandem eodem anno eademque fer. IV ad examen vocata quadam precandi formula Animae Jesu Christi, Emi Patres eam emendandam mandarunt, et communicandum Episcopo qui eam probaverat decretum supra relatum.

I. CAN. MANCINI.

Conferences.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW proposes to answer in this department questions of general (not merely local or personal) interest to the Clergy. Questions suitable for publication, when addressed to the editor, receive attention in due turn, but in no case do we pledge ourselves to reply to all queries, either in print or by letter.

OUR ANALECTA.

The Roman documents for the month are:

I.—LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII to the University of Glasgow, answering an invitation to take part in the Jubilee celebration of the institution, founded by Pope Nicholas V.

II.—S. CONGREGATION OF THE INQUISITION prohibits the so-called devotion *erga Animam SSmam D. N. J. C.*

CAN A VICAR APOSTOLIC APPOINT A VICAR GENERAL?

Qu. Permit me to ask the following question: Are Vicars Apostolic, when they are titular bishops, allowed to appoint a Vicar General for their Vicariate, without special leave from Rome?

EAST INDIAN MISSIONARY.

Resp. Inasmuch as a Vicar Apostolic is not a regularly appointed diocesan enjoying the exercise *a jure* of the extraordinary Tridentine faculties, he cannot appoint a Vicar General in the juridical sense, that is, one who would have a legal status and rights which must be recognized by the Ordinary himself. Nevertheless, the Vicar Apostolic may select a priest, to whom he confides the partial administration of the Vicariate, to whom also he may delegate the faculties which are given to Vicars General in ordinary circumstances.

"Ex eo quod Vicarii Apostolici non sint Episcopi dioecesani sequitur, eis non competere quae ad Capitulum Cathedrale pertinent, siquidem Ecclesia Cathedralis in Vicariatibus non extat. Ex eodem principio consequitur, Vicarios Apostolicos habere non posse Vicarios Generales, qui mandato generali iis facultatibus instructi sint, quae a jure huic muneri sunt adnexae, quamvis nihil impediat, quominus in partem sollicitudinis pastoralis idoneum virum sibi adsciscat, a quo in regendo Vicariatu possint adjuvari, et cui Vicarius Apost. facultates concedat prout sibi placuerit."—(Zitelli, *Apparat.*, L. I, C. IV, art. 2.)

WHITE CASKETS AT FUNERALS.

Qu. A custom is trying to introduce itself here of having white caskets at the funerals of adult persons. We have been looking up a decision on this matter, but cannot find anything quite satisfactory. Your kind answer in an early issue will oblige several pastors.

H. T. F.

Resp. There is no distinct legislation *forbidding* the use of white caskets at the funerals of adults. But from the tenor of the rubrics in the services for the dead, and from the decisions of the Sacred Congregation on analogous cases, it is quite plain that the use of white caskets, or anything indicating a sentiment merely dictated by fashion, is contrary to the spirit and intention of the Church. She invites the faithful to pray for the dead that they may be released from the penalty of sin. That prayer implies an act of sorrow, not for the temporal bereavement simply, but as well for the sad condition of the soul in purgatory. This sorrow the Church wishes to be expressed in her ritual, in the appearance of the altar, the vestments worn by her ministers, and the funeral appointments. The liturgical color which best expresses this condition of mourning is *black*. Hence the ceremonial prescribes that all the draping of the altar, the vestments of the priests and assistants, the books, seats, as well as the catafalque be black, and that white, even in the form of crosses relieving the black, is out of place. "Omnia paramenta tam altaris quam celebrantis et ministrorum, librorum, et faldistorii sint *nigra*, et in his nullae imagines mortuorum, *vel cruces albae* ponantur." [1] Elsewhere throughout the liturgical directory the color of black is insisted on, as well as the absence of such decoration as would tend to minimize the mournful impression of death and of the judgment to follow.

The coffin or casket of old was of simple wood, unstained; or it consisted merely of a plain winding sheet, in which the anointed body was wrapped. Hence the Church says nothing of its color, except that the cloth on which the coffin rests, or which covers the catafalque, should be *black*.

We may be permitted to add our conviction that, whilst the

[1] *Caerem. Episc.*, Lib. II, Cap. XI, n. 1.

custom is incongruous, it would be useless to arouse a warfare against it, or to denounce it from the pulpit, unless the opposition or correction be the spontaneous outcome of rightly instructed Catholic feeling, which, taking in the incongruity of the novelty, would instinctively reject the fad imposed by the worldly wisdom of undertakers who seek to cater to the sentimental tendencies of the public.

THE "OFFICIAL" EDITION AND THE "AUTHORIZED" CHORAL BOOKS.

Not long ago the report was published in the European papers that the Benedictines had made application to the Sacred Congregation in order to obtain *official* sanction for the publication of the Solesmes choral books; and that the Sovereign Pontiff had peremptorily refused to grant the desired privilege. This was interpreted to mean that the sole edition of the choral music authorized by the Holy See was the one published as "typical" by the Ratisbon house of Fr. Pustet. As a matter of fact the request for the authorization of the publication of the Solesmes choral books did not come from the Benedictines, but from a well-known French publishing firm which asked leave from the Holy See to print the Solesmes edition, since the title of an exclusive right for thirty years (granted to the Pustet firm) to publish the typical editions of the liturgical books had recently expired. The Secretary of the S. Congregation of Rites, to which the request of the French publishers had been addressed, replied that the *privilege of publication* could be obtained from the diocesan authorities of the firm; but that if the publishers desired to have the *approbation of the Sacred Congregation* they would have to bring the Solesmes edition of the choral books into absolute conformity with the *official* edition issued by Fr. Pustet. The Holy See evidently wishes the distinction between an *authorized* and an *official* edition to be maintained.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the details of the liturgico-musical development of later years we add here that the Benedictines have an ancient traditional choir service, which attained to great popularity through the efforts of Abbé·

Gueranger, who revived the former Benedictine rule and discipline at the old monastery of Solesmes (Dep. Sarthe, France). In 1880 the French Government sought to restrict the influence of this revival of monastic discipline by suppressing the monastery. But the monks continued to live in isolated groups around the old abbey and maintained their monastic practices, continuing their literary labors particularly in the direction of Christian liturgy and ecclesiastical history. They have published a number of valuable works, among them magnificent specimens of musical manuscripts, "paleographie musicale." Leo XIII has distinctly approved their work. This approbation was not, however, intended to mean that the Church abandoned the official chant as printed in Roman liturgical publications. Both are authorized as fit expressions of the ecclesiastical spirit, but one only has the official sanction of the Church. The liturgical books for which Fr. Pustet had, in view of the great expenses involved in the first issue of the corrected and typical editions, the exclusive right of publication, may now be issued by any publisher, provided they conform to the text of the Pustet editions and have the approval of the Ordinary.

A PLEA FOR CHURCH ART.

We take pleasure in endorsing the following plea for a definite movement towards the cultivation of purely religious art for our churches and chapels. The writer, Mr. Sadikitchi Hartman, is well known in art circles as the former editor of the *Art Critic*, also as the author of *Shakespeare in Art*, *Modern American Sculpture*, and similar works.

To the Editor, AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

To endorse and support the laudable endeavors of the German Society for Christian Art to elevate the standard of their native ecclesiastical art, the Archbishop of Munich, some time ago, issued the following letter:

"Holy Church has been at all times a true patroness of art. She embellished her houses of worship, to the glory of God and the enlightenment of man, with the best that each age could produce in architecture as well as in sculpture and painting; and the treasures of mediæval art, which have remained despite all destructions time

and warfare have wrought, are an accomplishment which even the bitterest opponents of the Church cannot deny. And many an art patron who has but little sympathy for religious manifestations considers himself fortunate if he can secure for his collection, or as an ornament for his dwelling, one of those masterpieces produced in the spirit of mediæval Catholic art.

"But now industry, which in recent years has made such astonishing progress in the cheap and rapid production of utilitarian articles, threatens to take possession of our churches, and to banish art from their very threshold. Already a large number of our churches display in their frescoes and statuary, a wearisome succession of stereotyped mediocrities, whose production has been strictly mechanical. Complaints of such 'degradation of devotion' have been repeatedly made, in particular at the annual meetings of the German Catholics. And these complaints are well founded.

"Statuary which can be produced by the dozen from one mould, cannot be classed as sincere and thoughtful art. Such figures afford no scope to the artist, who is obliged to consider the practicability of easy casting as more important than the artistic rendering of the figure or ornament itself. They also lose by such a process all clearness of form and become lifeless and commonplace. To cover the shortcomings color is often applied to the casts; but no one with any degree of taste will be deceived by so crude a substitute.

"The sacredness of the figures represented, as well as the sanctity of the place for which they are destined, demand material of a high order, like wood, natural stone, or metal. A substitute which is easily breakable surely cannot take their place. It is also easy to understand that figures without any definite claim to originality—especially where copies after the same pattern can be found in every church—cannot appeal to the nobler instinct in human nature.

"But what is of special concern in this matter is the fact that the true artist finds it impossible to compete with factory labor. Surely, the artist, like every other workman, is entitled to adequate remuneration for his labor. Under the present conditions of things, the artist, forced to work as quickly and cheaply as possible, cannot bring his individuality into play. He is obliged to compromise and to transform his studio into an ordinary workshop. The natural result will be that Christian art, exposed to the devastating influences of commercialism, will deteriorate more and more.

"These considerations have caused the Archbishop of Munich to inform the clergy of this deplorable state of affairs, and to warn them against accepting any such machine-made productions for their churches, even if they are offered as gifts to them. On the contrary the clergy should take pride in embellishing their churches with true works of art, such as would possess value for future generations. *Domine, dilexi decorum Domus Tuae.*"

This letter needs but little comment. It has grasped the situation fully, and could be applied to the conditions of ecclesiastical art in this country with equal appropriateness. The big commercial firms with their ready-made designs have set up a standard of art which is deplorably inadequate. The uniformity of statuary and frescoes in most churches of the United States is appalling.

But a new note has been struck; and perhaps a definite step in

the right direction is about to be taken. A number of architects, painters, sculptors, altar-builders, and several well-known members of the clergy, following the example of their German colleagues, have made the effort to call into life an "American Ecclesiological Society," having for its object, in the words of its prospectus, "to stimulate the cause of Catholic art in America; to increase among our people a greater knowledge of ecclesiastical art; to encourage all creative art that is embued with an obedient Christian spirit; to counteract the anti-Christian spirit engendered by commercial greed; to strengthen the coöperation between Catholic architects, artists, and all those who are interested in the study, practice, and promotion of art of every form, but more particularly church architecture, decorations, and *instrumenta eccleseastica;* and to raise the standard of excellence." Perhaps relief may be expected from that quarter.

In England the Clergy and Artists' Association, an energetic little society, is bravely struggling to raise the standard of workmanship, and to teach the lesson which is nearly always forgotten in church decoration: that no true work of art can ever be achieved save by genuine individual effort. Here, too, the artist must claim his rightful position; and if encouraged in his struggle by a generous clergy, he may some day gather strength enough to attack and defeat the danger of commercialism, which now is boldly rampant in all expressions of church art.

SADIKITCHI HARTMAN.

PURITY TEST OF ALTAR WINES.

In reference to the alleged test of the purity of altar wines published in the correspondence columns of our August number, we receive the statement of an authorized chemist. Mr. Arthur Gruber, wine merchant and agent for the wines produced under the supervision of the Jesuit Fathers at Santa Clara, California, and of the Christian Brothers at Bernalillo, New Mexico, submitted said wines, sold for sacramental purposes, to chemical analysis, and also requested the Messrs. Chauvenet Brothers, well established analytical chemists and assayers, of St. Louis, Mo., to express an opinion regarding the test referred to.

The wines were pronounced positively pure fermented grape juice, and proper for sacramental use. As regards the alleged test the Messrs. Chauvenet write as follows:

"ST. LOUIS, August 21, 1901.

"*To whom it may concern:*

"I have read the description of the test for impure wine signed by A. J. C., and do not think that it is in any way a conclusive or fair test for either purity or impurity in wines.

"Such cloudiness—referred to in the test – depends not at all on the purity but on the state of the sugar contained, the advance of fermentation, and other variable conditions of the wine, which have nothing to do with adulteration. A perfectly pure wine might show cloudiness on being poured into water.

"Respectfully,

(*Signed*) "WM. CHAUVENET."

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IN PRIVATE CHAPELS.

Qu. Is it permitted to keep the Blessed Sacrament in the chapels of religious communities without a special indult from Rome?

Resp. According to the common law of the Church, all religious communities (monasteries) whose members take solemn vows and enjoy the approbation of the Holy See are entitled to keep the Blessed Sacrament in their churches and chapels, the same as canonical parish or cathedral churches. For communities of only simple vows the privilege is obtained by Apostolic indult. This privilege the Ordinary is sometimes empowered to give at his discretion, or for a time, especially in places where there is no strictly-marked parish jurisdiction which makes the distribution of Holy Communion a distinctly parochial duty.

SOLEMN BENEDICTION TO A SMALL NUMBER.

Qu. May a chaplain give Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament to a religious community when there are less than twenty-five persons in the chapel?

Resp. When the community has the privilege of keeping the Blessed Sacrament and the right to have solemn Benediction on fixed days as prescribed by the diocesan statutes, there need be no question as to the number of persons present, provided the service can be conducted with the solemnity and observance of the rubrics—chant, servers, etc.

There is no law stating definitely the number of persons re-

quired to be present at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The following passage from the Pastoral Instruction of an American Bishop may serve for guidance in the matter. After quoting that part of the Clementine Instruction[1] in which the Sovereign Pontiff insists upon the reverence to be observed towards the Blessed Sacrament under all circumstances, he continues: "When the attendance is small, or due reverence is wanting; or when what is prescribed is not, or cannot be observed, the Blessed Sacrament should not be exposed publicly, and Benediction should not be given with It. When, on the contrary, there is a fair attendance, with a marked devotion and reverence for this most holy mystery; and when the ceremonies and that which is prescribed are all properly carried out, . . . Benediction may always be given." The Bishop ends by saying: "Where due devotion and reverence for the Blessed Sacrament or respect for the ceremonies are wanting, it is the duty of the clergy to labor unceasingly to remove such a want of devotion and respect, and not to yield till it has disappeared."[2]

These instructions apply principally to the laity. In regard to religious there can be as a rule no question of due devotion and respect; hence there need be no hesitation to give them Benediction, even where the number is small.

BRIDESMAIDS, ETC., IN THE SANCTUARY DURING A NUPTIAL MASS.

Qu. Is it proper for the witnesses to remain with the bride and groom in the sanctuary during a nuptial Mass?

Resp. We have answered the above question more than once in the pages of the REVIEW; but the query returns so frequently that we repeat our former answer for the benefit of late subscribers.

The rubrics in the *missa pro sponso et sponsa* state that the marriage parties are to stand or kneel *ante altare*. This may be interpreted to mean in front of the altar at the Communion rail, *outside* the sanctuary. It may also mean at the foot of the altar,

[1] xxxvi, ad 4, 5, 6.

[2] Pastoral Instruction of the Bishop of Alton, February 1880, n. 184.

within the sanctuary. This latter is the more conventional interpretation. For when the celebrant is directed to stand "in cornu epistolae versus sponsum et sponsam ante altare genuflexos," we take the phrase "in cornu epistolae" in its ordinary use, as referring to the position of the priest on the predella of the altar; and it is evident that wherever the celebrant stands the nuptial party is to be near, for the blessing and for the reception of the ring, etc.

The witnesses are to stand *near* the nuptial party during the ceremony, hence in the sanctuary, if that seems necessary for properly witnessing the act. After the ceremony it is more becoming that they retire and remain outside the sanctuary during the Mass; though there is no prohibition to the contrary.

As a matter of fact, the marriage ceremony in the churches of Rome and of other Catholic countries is performed in the sanctuary, although not always. And perhaps it is part of the wisdom of the Church that in this matter she allows pastors a certain amount of freedom by which the degree of her approval in cases of Christian marriage may be signified, under the charitable discretion of her priestly functionaries.

In France and Spain certain princely families and official representatives of the national or municipal government are privileged to occupy seats in the sanctuary. The privilege is no doubt intended to impress upon the faithful a deep reverence for the civil authority, as derived from God and sustaining religion. From an analogous motive pastors may wish to give to the nuptial blessing at times a degree of solemnity which would not be equally applicable to all the members of the Church that claim her blessing. Thus there are pastors who require that all marriages in their fold be celebrated with a Mass, the parties receiving Holy Communion at the service and within the sanctuary, where also the nuptial blessing is given. But if for any reason the marriage ceremony takes place in the evening or without Mass, the parties are married at the Communion rail, thus forfeiting the privilege of a more intimate approach to the altar. This distinction seems well founded and has nothing odious about it. For just as we indiscriminately admit friends to our houses, yet allow those who are more attached to us the entry to our sitting-rooms, whilst others are invited only

to the parlor, so the Church opens her sanctuary to those who comply with her prescriptions for devout preparation and reception of the Sacrament, whilst those who are less fervent and respectful are permitted to approach only the threshold for what is necessary.

THE SECOND PRAYER IN A VOTIVE MASS.

Qu. What is the second prayer in a votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin, when it is celebrated on a Monday by a priest who recites the votive office of the Angels, assigned in the ordo?

Resp. The second oration in the Mass *de B.M.V.*, celebrated on a day on which the votive office (*ex privilegio*) is recited, is that of the Mass corresponding to the *votive* office. Thus the second oration in the proposed case would be *De SS. Apostolis.*

The rubric which directs that the second oration of a votive Mass be *de officio currente*, always applies to the office actually recited according to the prescription (or privilege) of the ordo.

There is one exception to this rule. If the votive Mass which the celebrant wishes to say be of some feast or mystery of our Lord, such as *De SS. Corde Jesu*, and the office of the day be a votive having likewise some mystery of our Lord for its object, such as *De SS. Sacramento* (Thursday), or *De Passione* (Friday), then the second oration is taken from the regular office occurring (not votive) for that day, that is, *de ea* or a *simplex*. The reason of this is that the orations must have a different object, and two of the same nature (mysteries of our Lord) are not to be repeated ordinarily in the same Mass.[1]

SEARCHES INTO IRISH ORIGINS.[1a]

BY THE LATE FATHER O'GROWNEY.

THE CELTS.

In the first century before Christ, the Belgic Gauls extended from the Scheldt at Antwerp to the Seine; the Celtic Gauls lay between

[1] *Cf.* S. R. C., Feb. 6, 1892.

[1a] *Cf.* AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, August, 1901, pp. 146–154; September, 1901, pp. 261–267.

the Seine and Lyons; and the Aquitanian Gauls extended from the Celtic Gaul southwards. These three districts were wholly in Gaul; but the Celts, according to Cæsar, were particularly known in Gaul (in contrast to the Belgians and Aquitanians), while they called themselves Celts.

The old Gaulish language belongs to the same family as the old Irish and the old Welsh or British; and the Celts of Cæsar spoke this language in Cæsar's time and down to the fourth century A.D. But the Celts of Cæsar are an entirely different race, ethnologically, from the ancestors of the Welsh and Irish. The Belgians, on the other hand, are the same race as the old Irish and Welsh. Here we have two entirely different races, the dark, small Celts of Cæsar, and the tall, yellow-haired ancestors of the Gauls, speaking branches of the same language. One of the races must have been conquered by the other, and accepted the language of the conqueror; and the dark-haired race were, we know from history and from geological records, the conquered. Hence if Celtic were really, as Cæsar states, the race name of the people between the Seine and the Garonne, then the Irish and the Welsh are not Celts by blood. Neither can Gaulish have been the native tongue of the Celts: it must have been imposed upon them by a conquering people of Belgian race, as the English language has been imposed on the Irish by the conquering Saxon. The acceptance of a foreign tongue is a confession of defeat.

Are the Irish Celts?

It is only by studying the various races of Western Europe that we can find an answer to the question, whether the Gaelic-speaking people are Celts by race. We have already spoken of the small, dark, long-skulled race which, for convenience sake, we have called Iberians. They were the first to occupy Spain and Southern France, and made their way, as we have seen, into Britain and Ireland. Afterwards, at a very early date, they were driven from Central and Southern France by another race, still smaller than the Iberians. The average height of the Iberians was 5 feet 4½ inches; of the new people, only 5 feet 3 inches. This new people extended over Liguria (from Northern Italy, through Switzerland and far as the Rhone in Southeastern France), and through Central France. In other words they are the Celts of Cæsar; but to avoid confusion we may call them Ligurians. Like the Iberians they were black-haired and swarthy, but were a "brachicephalic" or short-headed people, in contrast to the Iberians,

who were long-headed. The Ligurian head, towards the top, was of peculiar shape, resembling an inverted section of the cone. In this peculiarity their skull is very remarkable,[2] and approximates the race to the Lapps, in Northwestern Asia. The Ligurians, or Celts as they called themselves, pressed back the Iberians into Spain, and by degrees conquered them in Spain, which was accordingly called Celtiberia by the Romans. The mixed race fought bravely for centuries against the Roman invaders. We find reference to them extending from at least the time of Herodotus (450 B. C.) down to B. C. 74, when they submitted. The racial type of the Iberians is best preserved among the Basques; the Spanish are a mixed race of very various origin, and the present people of Switzerland, Savoy, and Auvergne, are the lineal descendants of the ancient Ligurians or Celts of Cæsar.

While the Ligurians were driving the Iberians to the South, they were in turn themselves being pressed upon, from the Northeast, by the tall broad-headed, but yellow or red-headed Belgian people, who, as we have seen, were of the same race as the ancestors of the Irish and Welsh. The geological records of France show that the Iberian was the first inhabitant and the Ligurian the next. These records also show that the Belgian race, or the old Irish of Welsh type, by degrees encroached on the Ligurian; and we know from history that the Ligurian accepted the language of the tall, yellow-haired, broad-headed race. Some, however, of the Ligurians—those to the South—retained their native language. Sulpicius Severus, a Roman writer of the fourth century A.D., tells us that a Gaul speaks *Gallice*, but an Aquitanian speaks *Celtice*. Cæsar knew, and states, that the Aquitanians spoke a different language from the "Celts or Gauls"—for to him the two terms were synonymous. He did not know that the Aquitanians simply retained the Celtic speech, while the northern Celts had adopted Gaulish.

At one time, therefore, there were three languages spoken over Spain, France and Belgium; the Iberian in Spain, the Ligurian or Celtic in France, extending afterwards into Spain, and the Gaulish, of probably various dialects, in Belgic Gaul, extending afterwards into France.

What has become of these languages? Gaulish disappeared about the fourth century A. D. The only language, beside the dialects of

[2] Taylor, *Origin of the Aryans*, p. 113.

Latin, left in Spain or France, is the Basque, which must therefore represent either the old Iberian or the old Ligurian (Celtic). The Basque race type is Iberian: we should therefore *a priori* set down the language as Iberian, and connected with the languges of North Africa, the Numidian, or Berber. But the best authorities on the Numidian inscription[3] declare that the present Basque language is in no way connected with the North African speech. Hence in all probability the Basque is the language of the old Ligurian or Celtic people, imposed by conquest on an Iberian race. The Ligurians are etymologically closely akin to the Lapps, and good authorities hence declare,[4] that the Basque is an agglutinative speech, resembling in this respect the clans to which the Lapp tongue belongs. The Basques called their language Eskara, Eskala, and themselves Eskalduna. They were called by their Spanish neighbors Vascons, which is the same word[5] as Gascon. The Basques are at present about half a million in number, and hold on to their ancient speech, although most of them speak either Spanish or French. As they are of the old Iberian type, they resemble considerably the Firbolg people of the Western Irish coast, and this is probably the only reason for any resemblance being noticed between the Irish and Spanish people.[6]

From a study of Spain and France, we find that these countries are of Latin language, but not at all of Latin race. Spain is largely Iberian in blood, but the Iberian language has disappeared. The Basques are Iberian by race. The south and centre of France are of Celtic blood; but the language has disappeared, so that the people of central France have spoken in succession Celtic, their native tongue;

[3] Taylor, *Origin of the Aryans*, p. 225.

[4] Basque has not been much studied, and no scientific Basque grammar has yet been written. With the imperfect books available, it was difficult to learn the language. The Basques had a pious legend, that the devil spent several years studying the language, but gave up in despair. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour has said equally hard things of the Highland Gaelic.

[5] *Cf.* ward, guard; war, guerre.

[6] There is no reason, as far as we know, for saying that there were in historica times any infusion of Spanish blood in the western population of Ireland. The alleged Armada sailors, if they intermarried with the Irish people, would have left their surnames. But where are these names? There was not only commercial intercourse with Spain. *Fion Spainneach*, or Spanish wine, is yet a common phrase. And there are in modern Irish a few Spanish words, such as *real*, sixpence; *naide* (nada), nothing; *fata*, potato; *laighe* (laya), a sort of spade, called even in England by the name *loy*.

Gaulish, a language akin to the Irish, acquired from the yellow haired people of Belgium; and a Latin dialect, which they now use.

The Romans had confounded the two peoples, the Ligurian type and the Belgian type, long before the time of Caesar. The Northwest of Europe is called indiscriminately Celtica (keltike) and Galatia by Polybius; and the Romans gave the two names Gaul and Celt, indiscriminately, to the tribes that extended from France to the shores of the Adriatic. There can be little doubt, however, that while there were probably some real Celts among those tribes that occupied the present southern Germany and Austria, the majority of them were the tall, yellow-haired, and ruddy-complexioned Gauls. A large body of this people, 200,000 strong, as we read, described as yellow- and red-haired, passed southward into Greece under a leader named Bolgus,[7] in the third century B.C. Part of them, under Brennus, were repulsed at Thermopylæ, and attempted to take Delphi, but their leader, Brennus, died suddenly (B.C. 278). Another division of the original army of Bolgus set off to the southeast, reached Byzantium, and passed into Asia Minor. They were a warlike and adventurous race, seized a great deal of the country, hence called Gallograecia, and endeavored even to obtain possession of Egypt. After great exertions, the Romans confined them (200 B.C.) to the district called by their name, Galatia. They long continued to harass the Roman power, and are referred to in Holy Scripture, where it is stated (Machabees 8: 2) that the "Machabas" had heard of the Romans and their noble deeds, which they had done in Galatia; how they conquered them (the Galatians), and brought them under tribute. And it was to those same people that St. Paul afterwards addressed his Epistle "to the Galatians." They had adopted the Greek language before the Christian era; but they continued also to use their own speech until the time of St. Jerome, who states that they spoke the same language that they heard at Treves—another proof of their identity with the Belgic Gauls.

At a somewhat earlier date, B.C. 335, Alexander the Great had met "Celts," that is Belgic Gauls, on the Adriatic and Ionian coasts. Still earlier, in 390 B.C., another army of 270,000 men of the same race had invaded northern Italy, under another Brennus, and had seized Rome itself, and held the city for ransom. In the fifth century B.C., we find that the Gauls had already occupied northern Italy, which was accordingly Cisalpine Gaul, down to the time of Cæsar.

[7] *Cf.* the famous Belgian, Firbolg.

Although the classical writers know this widespread race under the various names of Galatai, Galli, and Celtae (Keltai), still we find that Northwestern Europe was particularly called Celtica, while Gallia was a much more extensive region. This in itself is a confirmation of our view that the tall, broad-headed, yellow- or red-haired, fair, florid or freckled, complexioned people, with eyes of blue or gray, brave in battle, hardy, muscular, and adventurous, "very much given to religious observances," as Cæsar says, of the same type as the Irish Gael, were the Gauls of Europe, as known in the fourth century B.C. and previously. Hence, unless both Cæsar and Sulpicius Severus were mistaken in giving Celts as the racial name of the Ligurians, we must infer that the Belgic Gauls were not Celts, and that the Gaulish language, adopted by the Celts, was not a Celtic language, but that it came to be called Celtic because it was used by the Celts, just as an English-speaking Irishman is liable to be called an Anglo-Saxon in these days. The Gaelic race, identical with that of the Belgic Gauls, and the Gaelic language, akin to the Gaulish, are just as little Celtic. The use of the term Celtic for things belonging to the ancestors of the Irish Gaels and kindred people is a usage of recent growth, of this century indeed. There is no mention of the Celts in Irish history, literature, or tradition. Neither is there any root like *Celt* in the language. Max Müller, assuming that the word *Celt* belonged to the class of languages of which Irish, German, Latin, Greek, etc., are members, thought that the name might be compared with the Latin *Celsus*, high, tall; but we know that the Celts of Cæsar were, and that the descendants still are, the smallest race in Europe.

But this usage is not so universal that it would be morally impossible to change it. In the remainder of this paper we shall, accordingly, find the Celt and Celtic [8] used in an entirely different sense.

The Celts in Europe.

We have seen already something of the European history of the Belgic Gauls or Celts from the time of Cæsar back to the fourth century B.C., when the Celts extended from Scotland and Ireland through

[8] The Greeks spelled with a k—*Keltai*, *Keltikos*. The Latins used a c, but the Latin c was then pronounced k, as we may see from the words *cella*, *Sacerdos*, when adopted into Irish, are now *Kil* (*dare*), etc., and *Sagart* (Soggarth). As we spell the Greek *kyklos*, cycle, so the spelling "Celtic" best accords with English usage; and as we say *Seezar* where the old Roman said *Kaysar*, so we may well say *Seltik*.

Belgium and South Germany, Northern Italy, Bavaria, Bohemia, and the Danube region, down to the Adriatic, and a little later into Asia Minor. At the dawn of history we find the Celts in Central Europe lying between the Germans and the Latins, known to the former as *walh* and to the latter as *Galli*. The Celts, when we first hear of them in written history, were being urged westwards by the Germans, just as they had themselves pressed on the Ligurians. This contact with the Germans must have been of considerable duration, for it has left traces on both the German speech and on the Celtic. The Germans adopted from the Celts some words such as *Eisen*, iron, *Gabel*, fork (Celtic *Eisarn*, Irish *iarn*, *gabhal*), and others that show the Celts in possession of a somewhat higher civilization than the Germans of that period. At this time the Celts overshadowed the Germans, so that in the early Greek writers there is no mention of the latter people. It is to this period also that we must trace the Celtic physical type of the present people of South Germany, where the Germans and the Celts mixed blood. This district was once of Celtic speech, as St. Jerome records that the Celtic tongue was spoken even at Treves; but the country has since been Teutonized in language, and the process is yet going on, as we may read in the daily papers of the German-Czech struggle. How long the German-Celtic intercourse lasted we have no means of knowing; but we do know that there had been a long separation between German and Celt previously, and that the Celts were united to the Italian population. There are evident traces of this Italo-Celtic connection in the Latin and the Celtic dialects which have many important grammatical features in common, widely differing from German. A body of Celts, the Umbrians, invaded Italy and passed a considerable distance southwards, at a very early period, because they were the ruling race in Northern Italy until 1000 B.C., when they were defeated by the Etruscans.

The Umbrian occupation of Italy brings us back to a period as early, or probably earlier, than the Gaelic occupation of Ireland.

As we have seen, archæologists, calculating the age of the bronze implements found in Britain, have fixed the Celtic occupation as previous to 1000 B.C. The native Irish legends, working on a very different and not altogether reliable basis, ascribe the coming of the Danaans, or first Celts, to 1300 B.C. We shall probably not be far from the truth if we conclude that about two thousand years before the Christian era the Celts lay between the Latins and the Germans, and were beginning to spread out towards Western Europe.

At one time the various dialects of Celtic were mutually intelligible. The Gael no longer understands the Cymry, nor the Cymry the Gael. It is unknown how long a period has passed since all Celts understood one another. We do not speak now of the comparatively few words in which there is an interchange of *p* and *c*, but of the two branches of Celtic taken generally, vocabulary and grammatical variations. It is fourteen hundred years since the Gaelic colony went to Scotland. In the sixteenth century the annals record that a difference of speech became noticeable, and caused some little inconvenience at a convention of Irish and Scottish Gaels. But to the present day the differences are not such as prevent a Scot understanding an Irishman or *vice versa*, at least in public speaking at a slow rate. The Gaels of Inverness and Argyll were understood at the last *Oireachtas* in Dublin, and Irish speakers were intelligible to those assembled at the *Mod* of Inverness.

The writings of *Fionn* afford almost as much pleasure to an Irish Gael as to a Highlander. On the first occasion I ever heard Scottish Gaelic spoken, by an Inverness priest who was preaching in Glasgow, I understood the sermon, all but a very few phrases. In other words, a length of 1400 years has made but few differences. Now, on the other hand, the Welsh and the Irish of the present day are entirely different languages. Even in St. Patrick's time the old Welsh was different from the old Irish, so that a Welshman could not at all understand an Irishman. Probably if the Mediterranean navigators, who in the fifth century before Christ visited Britain and Ireland, had studied the two languages, they would have found them different, but nearer to each other than in St. Patrick's time. We know that Welsh and Irish are but two branches of the same language; but if we go back to the time when the two peoples mutually understood each other, we shall have to go back not less than 2000 years before Christ, and possibly more. It is to this distant period that we must trace the traditions that are common to the Gael and the Cymry. It is to this time also that we must trace the many ancient Celtic names, the original meanings of which are unknown to us—names like Daly, Connell, Donnell, Ryan, giving surnames in O or Mac. It was then also that the individual Celtic-speaking peoples gave their names to those rivers, countries and mountains which mark the footsteps of the Celt in pre-historic Europe. Bohemia and Bavaria contain the name of a Celtic tribe, the Boii, an offshoot of which took part in the Galatian invasion. The Isea, a river that flows into the Adriatic, is the same in

name as the Esk and the Usk of Britain, and is identical with the modern Irish word Uisge, water.[9] The Pennine Alps, and most probably the Appenines, contain the word *pen*, a head—so familiar in Welsh mountain names, or the Gaelic *benn*, a peak, as in Benmore. When these names were given, the ancestors of the late Welsh and of the Irish Gaels resided in Central Europe. Those from whom the Irish colony descended were known to themselves as *Gadeli* or *Godeli* (could *Galli* have thus originated: *Gadeli, Gadli, Galli?*) and also as Scots.

Were we to still further pursue the Celtic-speaking people into the gloom of prehistoric times, we should find that their ancestors inhabited Central Europe for some thousands of years before the early date to which we have already reached back. As we progress backwards we should find the German, Celtic, Slavonic, Latin, Greek, Armenian, Persian, and Indian languages gradually approximate. They all, indeed, are but variations of what once were a few mutually intelligible dialects, if not one language. These dialects were not the native tongue of the Germanic people, but were acquired by them from the people who were the ancestors of the Celts, Slavs, Latins, and Greeks. A branch of this same people brought Sanskrit, Persian, Armenian, etc., into the far districts of Asia, from the place where the race had taken up its home and multiplied. It used to be assumed that this place was Asia, but now it is agreed that little is known for certain about its location. It was at all events in either Central Asia or Central Europe, or possibly in both. To this fertile district the ancestors of that race had come, speaking a simpler form of language than they afterwards developed. There is little doubt that this Euro-Asiatic language, the mother of the modern European tongues, was developed from a language of the type of the Mongolian dialects. Nor is there much doubt that the ancestors of the Celts and Slavs, the Latins and Greeks, were themselves an offshoot of the peoples called Finno-Ugric or Turanian, the ancestors of the Finns, the Siberians, and the Hungarians.

The Germanic peoples are thought to be akin to the peoples of Northeastern Asia, the Ligurians or real Celts of Cæsar to the Lapps; and the ancestors of the Irish Gael and other European peoples are of Scythian or Turanian origin. All there was of Northern Asia can be further referred to a Southwestern Asiatic origin. The Turanians are regarded as the predecessors of the Babylonians.

[9] The phrase *uisge-beathadh*, aqua vitae, has been shortened to whiskey.

So much for the ancestors of the Irish Gael. The ancestors of the Firbolgs, or early dark Irish people, are, as we have seen, traceable to France, Spain, and Northern Africa. They are of the same type as the modern Berbers, who are remotely akin to the Egyptians and the Semitic peoples — Hebrews, Assyrians, Phœnicians, and Abyssinians. Thus the two consistent elements of the Irish people can be traced to the same part of the earth, that district traditionally connected with the origin of the human race.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

To the Editor of the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

I have read with much interest the last Report of the Philadelphia Superintendent of Parochial Schools. Father McDevitt's language, in the preface to the Report wherein he makes excellent suggestions tending to the improvement of our Parochial School system, indicates that he is listened to, and that he receives the active support of the Philadelphia clergy in his noble work.

The question that forces itself naturally upon the reader of the Report is, Why cannot the same interest be aroused in other dioceses? There are Parochial School Superintendents in nearly all our cathedral cities, yet we *hear* only occasionally of a few doing anything. No doubt they all do something; but it is not known, and as a consequence we miss the coöperative spirit which inspires enthusiasm and protects us against the false accusations of those who discredit our parochial schools, as though these were incapable of doing the work of our public schools.

Less than a week since, *The Independent* brought a sneering editorial intimating the failure of Catholics to provide a high-school training on a level with the public system. The article showed both ignorance of the actual conditions of Catholic higher education and narrow bigotry, though disguised by a tone of knowingness and impartiality to Catholics, of which *The Independent* is master. The Catholic Directory shows that we have high schools and academies quite in proportion to our parochial system, though they are not all nominally free schools. As for our efforts to supply them we can only say that any fair-minded person would see nothing but praiseworthy motives in the generous struggles of Catholics to provide a perfect education coupled with religious training to their children. It may